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THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAREW.

THEY WERE OLD-FASHIONED POETRY, BUT CHOICELY GOOD; I THINK MUCH BETTER THAN THE STRONG LINES THAT ARE NOW IN FASHION IN THIS CRITICAL AGE.

WALTON.

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS CAREW,

SEWER IN ORDINARY TO

CHARLES THE FIRST.

REPRINTED FROM

THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF

M.DC.XL.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR W. AND C. TAIT.

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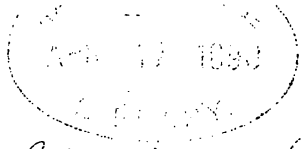

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EDINBURGH:
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NOTICE.

AMONG the *Minor English Poets*, THOMAS CAREW is entitled to hold a distinguished place. Descended from an ancient and honourable family in the county of Gloucester—a branch of the still older family of the same name in Devon—his education was liberal, and his youth spent amidst all the advantages which arise from an early intercourse with polished and literary society. The year 1589 has been assigned as the period of his birth, but upon no very satisfactory authority. He was the younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, "a great Royalist in the time of the

great rebellion;" and it is not remarkable, that, under such favourable auspices, he should have found ready access to the Court of Charles the First.

After spending some time at Corpus Christi College, in Oxford, he left the University without taking a degree. He then spent several years in France and Italy; "and returning from travel, followed the Court, which the modesty of that time disposed men to do some time before they pretended to be of it."[1] Carew soon became intimate with the rarest wits of the time, and justified his claim to this high privilege, by his genius and intellectual cultivation. He acquired the friendship of May, Jonson, Suckling, and Davenant; and it is perhaps still more honourable to his name,

[1] *Life of Lord Clarendon*, vol. I. p. 36.

that he is recorded among the early and familiar associates of Lord Clarendon, when that eminent person was yet but a student of the law. "Whilst he stood at gaze, and irresolute what course of life to take, his chief acquaintance were Ben Jonson, John Selden, Charles Cotton, John Vaughan, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thomas May, and Thomas Carew."[1] Clarendon has left characters of these illustrious men, drawn, no doubt, with the kindly prejudices of friendship, but marked, at the same time, by that skill and discrimination in moral painting, for which the noble historian is so remarkable. Of Carew, he says that "he was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems, (especially in the amorous way,) which, for the sharpness of the fancy,

[1] *Life of Lord Clarendon*, vol. I. p. 30.

and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time."[1]

Carew was not only much esteemed by the most distinguished persons of the Court, but "well looked upon by the King himself," some years before he obtained any advancement. He was at length appointed a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to his Majesty Charles the First. Clarendon mentions, that this circumstance gave great offence to the whole Scotish nation, which had concurred in recommending a different person to this latter situation. Carew spent the remainder of his life as a gay, accomplished, and dissipated, courtier. He died in the year 1639, at a moment when the storms of civil war

[1] *Life of Lord Clarendon*, vol. I. p. 36.

were gathering around that Court of which he had long been the delight and the ornament. "His greatest glory," says Lord Clarendon, "was, that after fifty years of his life spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire."[1] This account of the poet's late repentance, is supposed to have been in some degree confirmed, by the discovery in the Ashmolean Library, of a number of Psalms paraphrased by Carew.

The first edition of his works was published in 1640.[2] They were several times re-

[1] *Life of Lord Clarendon*, ut sup.

[2] The original edition, which is generally esteemed the most accurate, has been followed in the present reprint.

printed. The last edition by Davies, which issued from the press in 1772, and which Mr Bliss characterises as inaccurate,[1] has long been scarce. Were it at all necessary, testimonies in favour of the author might be collected both from the writings of his cotemporaries, and from the criticisms of later times. In his own day, he was "famed for the charming sweetness of his lyric odes and amorous sonnets;"[2] and more recently he has been introduced to the notice of the public by Headley and Campbell, in terms of unqualified commendation.

Love, and love not always of the purest description, forms the prevailing subject of Carew's Poems. This theme seldom leads to the display either of deep thought

[1] *Athen. Oxon.* vol. II. p. 659.
[2] Ibid. p. 657.

or comprehensive design. Elegance, sweetness, and tenderness, constitute the excellencies of an *amatory* poet; and in these qualities Carew is nearly unrivalled. Although not free from occasional conceits, he, in a great measure, banished from the poetry of love the metaphysics of Cowley, and the pedantry of Waller, while he restored to it that alluring and voluptuous character, peculiar to the earlier and brighter ages of English poetry. To the natural beauties of the *olden time*, he added a high degree of classical polish, and is well entitled to share with Waller, the merit generally exclusively attributed to that poet, of having been the first to improve English versification. If Carew is inferior to Waller in dignity and skill, and to Herrick in imagination and variety, he is superior to both in grace and tenderness. He compo-

sed slowly, and with considerable difficulty. His elegance, indeed, is known to have been the result of laborious chiselling; but the finished workmanship is so admirable, that the effort by which it has been produced, is in a great measure concealed. Sir John Suckling, in his satirical *Session of the Poets*, avails himself of this peculiarity in Carew's habits of composition, to characterise him in the following terms:—

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a Laureat;
His muse was hard bound, and th' issue of's brain,
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.

And,
All that were present there did agree,
A laureat muse should be easie and free,
Yet sure, 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
Consider'd, he was well he had a cup-bearer's place.[1]

It is curious, that with all this care and

[1] *Fragmenta Aurea*, p. 14.

preparation, he could not avoid that indelicacy which now forms the great stain of his poetry, and of his age. But the indelicacy of Carew is utterly indefensible, and is so gross, that it scarcely admits of being palliated even by the bad taste of the times in which he lived. This unfortunate defect pervades some of his most powerful poetry, and it was impossible therefore to correct it in the present reprint, without sacrificing the finest effusions of his genius. It is to be hoped, however, that "the wit, with the truly ingenuous and learned, will bear out the wantonness; for with the weeds there are delicate flowers in those walks of Venus." [1]

Celia, to whom a great proportion of the poems are addressed, is an unknown per-

[1] Peacham.

sonage. Without any great licence of imagination, we may presume, that once, at least, she was young and fair, and worthy of the praises so liberally bestowed upon her by the poet. He appears to have been attached to her in his youth, and to have gone to France, after leaving the University, under an apprehension that her feelings towards him were altered.[1]

In addition to his lyric poems, Carew was the author of a *Masque*, called *Cœlum Brittanicum*.[2] This piece was undertaken at the express desire of the King; a circumstance to which the author alludes in his motto—

Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit; habebo.
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat?

Cœlum Brittanicum was performed for

[1] *Poems* p. 30.
[2] Published in 4to. 1634.

the first time, at Whitehall, on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, the 18th of February 1633. Among the *masquers* appear to have been the King, the Duke of Lenox, the Earls of Devonshire, Holland, Newport, Elgin, and a variety of other Noblemen. Carew was assisted, in preparing the *Masque* for performance, by Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect; and the songs were set to music by Henry Lawes, Gentleman of the King's Chapel, and the most skilful composer of his time.[1] As a drama, *Cœlum Brittanicum* possesses little merit, but it contains passages of sublime poetry.

In the Ashmolean Collection there is a manuscript containing, besides several of his printed poems, translations of a number of psalms by Carew. Of the latter, his

[1] *Biograph. Britan.* vol. II. p. 1172.

paraphrase of the 137th Psalm has been printed by Mr Bliss, in his edition of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*. It may not be improper to give this version here, because neither it, nor any of Carew's psalms, are to be found in the following poems, having never formed a part of his printed works.—

Sitting by the streames that glide
Downe by Babell's towring wall,
With our tears wee filde the tyde,
Whilst our myndfull thoughts recall
Thee, O Sion, and thy fall.

Our neglected harps vnstrunge,
Not acquainted with the hand
Of the skillfull tuner, hunge
On the willow trees that stand
Planted in the neighbour land.

Yett the spightfull foe commands
Songs of mirthe, and bids vs lay
To dumbe harps our captiue hands,
And to scoffe our sorrowes, say,
Sing vs some sweet Hebrewe lay.

But, say wee, our holye strayn
Is too pure for heathen land,
Nor may wee God's himmes prophane,
Or moue eyther voyce or hand
To delight a sauage band.

Holye Salem, yf thy loue
Fall from my forgetfull harte,
May the skill by which I moue
Strings of musicke, tun'd with art,
From my withered hand departe.

May my speachles tongue giue sound
To noe accents, but remayne
To my prison roofe fast bound,
Iff my sad soule entertayne
Mirth, till thou rejoyce agayne.

In that day remember, Lord,
Edom's breed, that in our groanes
They triumph—with fier and sword
Burn their cittie, herse their bones,
And make all one heape of stones.

Cruell Babell, thou shalt feele
The reuenger of our groanes,
When the happie victor's steele,
As thine our's, shall hew thy bones,
And make all one heape of stones.

Men shall bless the hand that teares
From the mother's softe embraces
Sucking infants, and besmeares,
With their braynes, the rugged faces
Of the rockes, and stony places.

The beauties and the faults of Carew have been recently scanned by a writer, well qualified to appreciate poetical merit. "The want of boldness and expansion in Carew's thoughts and subjects," says Mr Campbell,[1] "excludes him from rivalship with *great* poetical names; nor is it difficult, even within the narrow pale of his works, to discover some faults of affectation, and of still more objectionable indelicacy. But among the Poets who have walked in the same limited path, he is pre-eminently beautiful, and deservedly ranks among the earliest of those who gave a cultivated grace

[1] *Specimens of the British Poets*, vol. III. p. 187.

to our lyrical strains. His slowness in composition was evidently that sort of care in the Poet, which saves trouble to his reader. His Poems have touches of elegance and refinement, which their trifling subjects could not have yielded without a delicate and deliberate exercise of the fancy; and he unites the point and polish of later times with many of the genial and warm tints of the elder muse."

JANUARY,
M.DCCC.XXIV.

POEMS.

By

THOMAS CAREVV

Eſquire.

One of the Gentlemen of the Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to His Majeſty.

LONDON,
Printed by *I. D.* for *Thomas Walkley*,
and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the
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Imprimatur,
MATTHEVV CLAY.
Aprill, 29. 1640.

CAREW'S POEMS.

THE SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grasse, or castes an ycie creame
Upon the silver lake or chrystall streame:
But the warme sunne thawes the benummed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowzie cuckow and the humble-bee.
Now doe a quire of chirping minstrels bring,
In tryumph to the world, the youthfull Spring:
The vallies, hills, and woods, in rich araye,
Welcome the comming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile; onely my Love doth lowre;
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sunne the power
To melt that marble yce, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pittie cold.
The oxe, which lately did for shelter flie
Into the stall, doth now securely lie

In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fire-side; but, in the cooler shade,
Amyntas now doth with his Cloris sleepe
Under a sycamoure, and all things keepe
Time with the season—only shee doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

TO A. L.

PERSWASIONS TO LOVE.

THINKE not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y'are fresh as Aprill, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning starre,
That you are so; or, though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deeme
All men unworthy your esteeme:
For, being so, you loose the pleasure
Of being faire, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature,
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd; and 'twere a sinne
There to be scarce, where shee hath bin
So prodigall of her best graces.
Thus common beauties and meane faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you loose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue
Onely concerne my selfe, not you—

Were men so fram'd, as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none—
Then had you reason to be scant;
But 'twere a madnesse not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you the giver, more content
Than me the beggar. Oh then bee
Kinde to your selfe if not to mee;
Starve not your selfe, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beautie make
You your wiser thoughts forsake;
For that lovely face will faile,
Beautie's sweet, but beautie's fraile;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's raine or winter's sun;
Most fleeting when it is most deare—
'Tis gone while wee but say 'tis here.
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every haire a soule doth bind,
Will change their abroun hue, and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheeke, chin, nose,
Nor lilly shall be found nor rose:
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call?
Like swallowes when your summer's done,
They'le flye and seeke some warmer sun

Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
Whose love may, when your beauties end,
Remaine still firme: be provident,
And thinke, before the summer's spent,
Of following winter; like the ant,
In plenty hoord for time of scant.
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seeke to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthfull fires,
And feed in age your hot desires.
For when the stormes of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheeke which was belov'd,
When a faire ladie's face is pin'd,
And yellow spred where red once shin'd,
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may returne, but lover never:
And old folkes say there are no paynes
Like itch of love in aged vaines.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not loose this present minute;
For time and age will worke that wrack
Which time or age shall ne're call backe.
The snake each yeare fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.

Oh then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you dayes for sport, doe reason;
Spend not in vaine your live's short houre,
But crop in time your beautie's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautifull, her lips or eyes?
We (said the Eyes) send forth those poynted darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses
Which lovers reape by kind words and sweet kisses.
Then wept the eyes, and from their springs did powre
Of liquid orientall pearle a shower;
Whereat the lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweete smile unlockt their pearlie treasure,
And bad Love judge, whether did adde more grace,
Weeping or smiling pearles, to Celia's face.

A DIVINE MISTRIS.

In Nature's peeces still I see
Some errour that might mended bee;
Something my wish could still remove,
Alter, or adde; but my faire Love

Was fram'd by hands farre more divine;
For she hath every beauteous line:
Yet I had beene farre happier,
Had Nature, that made me, made her;
Then likenes might (that love creates)
Have made her love what now she hates:
Yet I confesse I cannot spare
From her just shape the smallest haire;
Nor need I beg from all the store
Of heaven for her one beautie more:
Shee hath too much divinity for mee—
You Gods! teach her some more humanitie.

SONG.

A BEAUTIFULL MISTRIS.

If when the Sun at noone displayes
His brighter rayes,
Thou but appeare,
He then, all pale with shame and feare,
Quencheth his light,
Hides his darke brow, flyes from thy sight,
And growes more dimme,
Compar'd to thee, than starres to him.
If thou but show thy face againe,
When darkenesse doth at midnight raigne,
The darkenesse flyes, and light is hurl'd
Round about the silent world:

So as alike thou driv'st away
Both light and darkenesse, night and day.

A CRUELL MISTRIS.

WEE read of kings and gods that kindly tooke
A pitcher fil'd with water from the brooke;
But I have dayly tendred without thankes
Rivers of teares that overflow their bankes.
A slaughter'd bull will appease angry Jove,
A horse the sun, a lambe the god of love;
But shee disdaines the spotlesse sacrifice
Of a pure heart that at her altar lyes.
Vesta is not displeas'd if her chaste urne
Doe with repayred fuell ever burne;
But my saint frownes, though to her honour'd name
I consecrate a never-dying flame.
Th' Assyrian king did none i' th' furnace throw
But those that to his image did not bow;
With bended knees I daily worship her,
Yet she consumes her owne idolater.
Of such a goddesse no times leave record,
That burnt the temple where she was ador'd.

SONG.

MURDRING BEAUTIE.

I'LE gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place;
For my enchanted soule alike shee drownes
With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frownes.
I'le love no more those cruell eyes of hers,
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers:
For if she dart (like lightning) through the ayre
Her beames of wrath, she kils me with despaire;
If shee behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excesse of joy, and dye.

MY MISTRIS COMMANDING ME TO RETURNE HER LETTERS.

So grieves th' adventrous merchant, when he throwes
All the long toyl'd-for treasure his ship stowes
Into the angry maine, to save from wrack
Himselfe and men, as I grieve to give backe
These letters; yet so powerfull is your sway,
As, if you bid me die, I must obey.
Goe then blest papers, you shall kisse those hands
That gave you freedome, but hold me in bands,
Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
Because I may not touch those hands, must die.

Me thinkes, as if they knew they should be sent
Home to their native soile from banishment,
I see them smile, like dying saints, that know
They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd heaven goe.
When you returne, pray tell your soveraigne
And mine, I gave you courteous entertaine;
Each line receiv'd a teare, and then a kisse;
First bath'd in that, it 'scap'd unscorcht from this:
I kist it, because your hand had been there;
But, 'cause it was not now, I shed a teare.
Tell her, no length of time, nor change of ayre,
No crueltie, disdaine, absence, dispaire—
No, nor her stedfast constancie—can deterre
My vassall heart from ever hon'ring her.
Though these be powerfull arguments to prove
I love in vaine, yet I must ever love;
Say, if she frowne when you that word rehearse,
Service in prose is oft call'd love in verse:
Then pray her, since I send back on my part
Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
If she refuse, warne her to come before
The god of love, whom thus I will implore:—
Trav'ling thy countrie's road (great God) I spide
By chance this lady, and walkt by her side
From place to place, fearing no violence;
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence,
In former fights, 'gainst fiercer foes than shee
Did at our first incounter seeme to bee.
But, going farther, every step reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.

Seeing those outward armes, I did begin
To feare some greater strength was lodg'd within,
Looking into her mind, I might survay
An hoast of beauties that in ambush lay;
And won the day before they fought the field;
For I, unable to resist, did yeild.
But the insulting tyrant so destroyes
My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joyes,
Breaks my sweete sleepes, invades my harmlesse rest,
Robs me of all the treasure of my brest,—
Spares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong,
For, having stolne my heart, she binds my tongue.
But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue; then I reveal'd
To her owne eares the story of my harmes,
Wrought by her vertues, and her beautie's charmes.
Now heare, just judge, an act of savagenesse;
When I complaine, in hope to find redresse,
Shee bends her angry brow, and from her eye
Shootes thousand darts,—I then well hop'd to die,
But in such soveraigne balme love dips his shot
That though they wound a heart, they kill it not
Shee saw the bloud gush forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since: 'tis true
Absence and Time (two cunning leaches) drew
The flesh together; yet, sure, though the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.
Thus hath this cruell lady us'd a true
Servant, and subject to herselfe, and you;

Nor know I (great Love,) if my life be lent
To shew thy mercy or my punishment;
Since by the onely magic of thy art
A lover still may live that wants his heart.
If this enditement fright her so as shee
Seeme willing to returne my heart to mee,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongst other trifeling hearts, be out o' th' way;)
If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.

SECRESIE PROTESTED.

Feare not, dear Love, that I'le reveale
Those houres of pleasure we two steale;
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No eare shall heare our love, but wee
Silent as the night will bee.
The God of Love himselfe, whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart,
Shall never know that we can tell
What sweets in stolne embraces dwell.
This only meanes may find it out,
If, when I dye, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and there to view
Of all their judgements which was true,
Rip up my heart, Oh! then, I feare,
The world will see thy picture there.

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

Goe thou gentle whispering wind,
Beare this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruell faire doth rest,
Cast it in her snowie brest,
So, enflamed by my desire,
It may set her heart a-fire.
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gaine,
Will reward thee for thy paine:
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosome; lastly fall
Downe, and wander over all:
Range about those ivorie hills,
From whose every part distills
Amber deaw; there spices grow,
There pure streames of nectar flow;
There perfume thyselfe, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'st, change by thy power,
Every weed into a flower;
Turne each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine:
For so rich a bootie made,
Doe but this, and I am payd.
Thou canst, with thy powerfull blast,
Heat apace, and coole as fast;

Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And agen destroy the same;
Then for pittie, either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

MEDIOCRITIE IN LOVE REJECTED.

SONG.

GIVE me more love, or more disdaine;
The torrid, or the frozen zone,
Bring equall ease unto my paine;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreame, of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calme estate.

Give me a storme; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden showre
I swimme in pleasure; if it prove
Disdaine, that torrent will devoure
My vulture-hopes; and he's possest
Of heaven, that's but from hell releast;
Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine
Give me more love, or more disdaine.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

SONG.

GAZE not on thy beautie's pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide,
That from lovers' eyes doth slide:

Let thy faithful chrystall show
How thy colours come and goe,—
Beautie takes a foyle from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streames lyes,
Under pittie's faire disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprize.

Netts, of passion's finest thred,
Snaring poems, will be spred,
All to catch thy maiden-head.

Then beware, for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure,
For reward, a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheeke should assigne
A perpetuall blush to thine.

TO MY MISTRIS SITTING BY A RIVER'S SIDE.

AN EDDY.

MARKE how yon eddy steales away,
From the rude streame into the bay;
There, lockt up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the chanel's course,
And scornes the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring;
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Marke how she courts the bankes, whilst they
As amorously their armes display,
T'embrace and clip her silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frownes, threat'ning to flye
Home to her streame, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the chanel's brim,
Smiling, returnes into the creeke,
With thousand dimples on her cheeke.

Be thou this eddy, and I'le make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dreame
Of the quite forsaken streame:

Let him to the wide ocean hast,
There lose his colour, name, and tast;
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these armes for ever swim.

SONG.

CONQUEST BY FLIGHT.

Ladyes, flye from Love's smooth tale,
Oathes steep'd in teares doe oft prevaile;
Griefe is infectious, and the ayre
Enflam'd with sighes, will blast the fayre:
Then stop your eares, when lovers cry,
Lest yourselfe weepe, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing teare repay,
That pittie which you cast away.
Young men, fly, when beautie darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt marke gives the shooter ayme;
And ladyes' looks have power to mayme;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kisse, Love lyes;
Then flye betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRIS.

When thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joyes of love, shalt see
The full reward and glorious fate
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancie.

A fayrer hand than thine shall cure
That heart, which thy false oathes did wound;
And to my soule, a soule more pure
Than thine, shall by Love's hand be bound,
And both with equall glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weepe, entreat, complaine
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy teares shall be as vaine
As mine were then; for thou shalt bee
Damn'd for thy false apostasie.

SONG.

PERSWASIONS TO JOY.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must dye;

If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, Celia, let us reape our joyes,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroyes.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade,
Then feare not, Celia, to bestow,
What still being gather'd still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vaine, or else in vaine his wings.

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE.

I WAS foretold, your rebell sex
Nor love, nor pitty knew;
And with what scorne you use to vex
Poore hearts that humbly sue;
Yet I believ'd, to crowne our paine,
Could we the fortresse win,
The happy lover sure should gaine
A paradise within:
I thought Love's plagues, like dragons, sate
Only to fright us at the gate,

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy lovers prove;
For I could kisse, and sport, and toy,
And tast those sweets of love,
Which, had they but a lasting state,
Or if in Celia's brest,
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too meane a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorne before.

Hard fate! to have been once possest
As victor of a heart,
Atchiev'd with labour and unrest,
And then forc'd to depart.
If the stout foe will not resigne,
When I besiege a towne,
I lose but what was never mine;
But he that is cast downe
From enjoy'd beautie, feeles a woe
Onely deposed kings can know.

INGRATEFULL BEAUTY THREATNED.

KNOW, Celia, (since thou art so proud,)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renowne.
Thou had'st, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknowne,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it ympt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voyce and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine,
Thou art my starre, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fixt thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate;
Let fooles thy mystique formes adore,
I'le know thee in thy mortall state:
Wise poets that wrapt truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her vailes.

DISDAINE RETURNED.

HEE that loves a rosie cheeke,
Or a corall lip admires,
Or, from star-like eyes, doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calme desires,
Hearts, with equall love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

No teares, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to returne;
I have searcht thy soule within,
And find nought but pride and scorne;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdaine as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convay
That love to her I cast away.

A LOOKING-GLASSE.

That flatt'ring glasse, whose smooth face weares
Your shadow, which a sunne appeares,
Was once a river of my teares.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the brinie lake
Congeal'd into a crystall cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For feare the native crueltie
Doome you, as it doth all, to dye.

For feare lest the fair object move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you yourself my rival prove.

Looke rather on my pale cheekes pin'de,
There view your beauties, there you'le finde
A fair face, but a cruell minde.

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
One beame of love will soone destroy,
And melt that yce to flouds of joy.

AN ELEGIE ON THE LA. PEN. SENT TO MY MISTRESSE OUT OF FRANCE.

Let him, who from his tyrant mistresse did
This day receive his cruell doome, forbid
His eyes to weepe that losse, and let him here
Open those floud-gates to bedeaw this beere;
So shall those drops, which else would be but brine,
Be turn'd to manna, falling on her shrine.
Let him, who, banisht farre from her deere sight,
Whom his soule loves, doth in that absence write,
Or lines of passion, or some powerfull charmes,
To vent his own griefe, or unlock her armes;
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemone
This generall sorrow, and forget his owne;
So may those verses live, which else must dye:
For though the muses give eternitie
When they embalme with verse, yet she could give
Life unto that muse by which others live.
Oh, pardon me, faire soule! that boldly have
Dropt, though but one teare, on thy silent grave,
And writ on that earth, which such honour had,
To cloath that flesh wherein thyselfe was clad.
And pardon me, sweet Saint! whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay, out of the store

Of lines and teares, that's only due to thee—
Oh, doe not thinke it new idolatrie,
Though you are only soveraigne of this land,
Yet universall losses may command
A subsidie from every private eye,
And presse each pen to write, so to supply
And feed the common griefe. If this excuse
Prevaile not, take these teares to your owne use,
As shed for you; for when I saw her dye,
I then did thinke on your mortalitie;
For since nor vertue will, nor beautie could,
Preserve from Death's hand this their heavenly mould,
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt;
I then knew you must dye too, and did melt
Into these teares; but, thinking on that day,
And when the gods resolv'd to take away
A saint from us, I that did not know what dearth
There was of such good soules upon the earth,
Began to feare lest Death, their officer,
Might have mistooke, and taken thee for her;
So had'st thou robb'd us of that happinesse,
Which she in heaven, and I in thee possesse.
But what can heaven to her glory adde?
The prayses she hath dead, living she had;—
To say she's now an angell is no more
Praise than she had, for she was one before.
Which of the saints can shew more votaries
Than she had here? Even those that did despise
The angels—and may her, now she is one,
Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion

Adore and worship her. Her vertues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate or envy her; these cannot rise
So high as to repine at deities:
But now she's 'mongst her fellow-saints, they may
Be good enough to envy her this way.
There's losse i' th' change 'twixt heaven and earth, if she
Should leave her servants here below to be
Hated of her competitors above;
But sure her matchlesse goodnesse needs must move
Those blest soules to admire her excellence;
By this meanes only can her journey hence
To heaven prove gaine, if, as she was but here
Worshipt by men, she be by angels there.
But I must weepe no more over this urne,
My teares to their own chanell must returne;
And having ended these sad obsequies,
My muse must back to her old exercise,
To tell the story of my martyrdome:
But, oh thou Idol of my soule! become
Once pittifull, that she may change her stile,
Drie up her blubbred eyes, and learne to smile.
Rest then, blest soule! for, as ghosts flye away,
When the shrill cock proclaimes the infant day,
So must I hence, for loe! I see from farre
The minions of the muses comming are—
Each of them bringing to thy sacred herse,
In either eye a teare, each hand a verse.

TO MY MISTRESSE IN ABSENCE.

Though I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind,
(That's more myselfe,) still stayes behind;
I breath in you, you keepe my heart;
'Twas but a carkasse that did part.
Then though our bodyes are disjoyn'd,
As things that are to place confin'd,
Yet let our boundlesse spirits meet,
And in love's sphere each other greet;
There let us worke a mystique wreath,
Unknowne unto the world beneath;
There let our claspt loves sweetly twin;
There let our secret thoughts unseen,
Like nets, be weav'd and intertwin'd,
Wherewith wee'le catch each others mind.
There, whilst our soules doe sit and kisse,
Tasting a sweet and subtle blisse,
(Such as grosse lovers cannot know,
Whose hands and lips meet here below;)
Let us looke downe, and marke what paine
Our absent bodyes here sustaine,
And smile to see how farre away
The one doth from the other stray,
Yet burne and languish with desire
To joyne, and quench their mutuall fire.

There let us joy to see from farre
Our emulous flames at loving warre;
Whilst both with equall luster shine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.
There, seated in those heavenly bowers,
Wee'le cheat the lag and lingring houres,
Making our bitter absence sweet,
Till soules and bodyes both may meet.

TO HER IN ABSENCE.

A SHIP.

Tost in a troubled sea of griefes, I floate
Farre from the shore, in a storme-beaten boat;
Where my sad thoughts doe (like the compasse) show
The severall points from which crosse winds doe blow.
My heart doth like the needle, toucht with love,
Still fixt on you, point which way I would move:
You are the bright Pole-starre, which, in the darke
Of this long absence, guides my wandring barke:
Love is the pilot; but, o'recome with feare
Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steare.
My fearefull hope hangs on my trembling sayle,
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale;
Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet lip.
Bid it but move; and, quick as thought, this ship
Into your armes, which are my port, will flye,
Where it forever shall at anchor lye.

SONG.

ETERNITIE OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weake flame
Cannot retaine
His heate, in spight of absence or disdaine;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burne, and expire?
True love can never change his seat;
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

That noble flame, which my brest keepes alive,
Shall still survive
When my soule's fled.
Nor shall my love dye when my bodye's dead;
That shall waite on me to the lower shade,
And never fade;
My very ashes, in their urne,
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, forever burne.

UPON SOME ALTERATIONS IN MY MISTRESSE, AFTER MY DEPARTURE INTO FRANCE.

Oh, gentle love, doe not forsake the guide
Of my fraile barke, on which the swelling tide
Of ruthlesse pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.
Gulfes of disdaine do gape to overwhelme
This boat, nigh sunke with griefe; whilst at the helme
Dispaire commands;
And, round about, the shifting sands
Of faithlesse love, and false inconstancie,
With rocks of crueltie,
Stop up my passage to the neighbour lands.

My sighs have rays'd those winds, whose fury beares
My sayles or'eboord, and in their place spreads teares;
And from my teares
This sea is sprung, where naught but death appeares.
A mystic cloud of anger hides the light
Of my faire starre; and, everywhere, black night
Usurpes the place
Of those bright rayes, which once did grace
My forth-bound ship; but, when it could no more
Behold the vanisht shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamie face.

GOOD COUNSELL TO A YOUNG MAID.

When you the sun-burnt pilgrim see
  Fainting with thirst, hast to the springs;
Marke how at first with bended knee
  He courts the crystall nimphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deitie.

But when his sweaty face is drencht
  In her coole waves, when from her sweet
Bosome, his burning thirst is quencht;
  Then marke how with disdainfull feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresht him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, faire maid,
  When by the sated lover tasted;
What first he did with teares invade
  Shall afterwards with scorne be wasted;
When all thy virgin-springs grow dry,
When no streames shall be left, but in thine eye.

CELIA BLEEDING, TO THE SURGEON.

Fond man, that canst beleeve her blood
  Will from those purple chanels flow;
Or that the pure untainted flood
  Can any foule distemper know;
Or that thy weake steele can incize
The crystall case wherein it lyes.

Know, her quick blood, proud of his seat,
  Runs dauncing through her azure veines,
Whose harmony no cold nor heat
  Disturbs, whose hue no tincture staines;
And the hard rock, wherein it dwells,
The keenest darts of love repels.

But thou reply'st, Behold, she bleeds;
  Foole, thou'rt deceiv'd; and dost not know
The mystique knot whence this proceeds,
  How lovers in each other grow;
Thou struckst her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

TO T. H. A LADY RESEMBLING MY MISTRESSE.

Fayre copie of my Celia's face,
Twin of my soule, thy perfect grace
Claymes in my love an equall place.

Disdaine not a divided heart,
Though all be hers, you shall have part;
Love is not tyde to rules of art.

For as my soule first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me; so now 'tis true
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertaine this wand'ring guest,
And if not love, allow it rest;
It left not, but mistooke the nest.

Nor thinke my love, or your faire eyes,
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathise
You hold with her, these flames arise.

To lead, or brasse, or some such bad
Mettall, a prince's stamp may adde
That valew, which it never had.

But to the pure refined ore,
The stamp of kings imparts no more
Worth, than the mettall held before;

Only the image gives the rate
To subjects, in a forraine state
'Tis priz'd as much for its owne waight.

So though all other hearts resigne
To your pure worth, yet you have mine
Only because you are her coyne.

TO SAXHAM.

THOUGH frost and snow lockt from mine eyes
That beautie which without dore lyes;
Thy gardens, orchards, walkes, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet, Saxham, thou within thy gate
Art of thy selfe so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that blesse
Thy roofe with inward happinesse;
As neither from nor to thy store
Winter takes ought, or spring addes more.
The cold and frozen ayre had sterv'd
Much poore, if not by thee preserv'd,
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The season hardly did afford
Coarse cates unto thy neighbour's board,
Yet thou hadst daintyes, as the skie
Had only been thy volarie;
Or else the birds, fearing the snow,
Might to another deluge grow,

The pheasant, partiridge, and the larke,
Flew to thy house, as to the arke.
The willing oxe, of himselfe came
Home to the slaughter, with the lambe;
And every beast did thither bring
Himselfe, to be an offering.
The scalie herd, more pleasure tooke,
Bath'd in thy dish than in the brooke;
Water, earth, ayre, did all conspire
To pay their tributes to thy fire,
Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Through every roome, where they deride
The night and cold abroad; whilst they,
Like suns within, keepe endlesse day.
Those chearfull beames send forth their light
To all that wander in the night,
And seeme to becken from aloofe
The weary pilgrim to thy roofe;
Where, if refresht, he will away,
Hee's fairly welcome, or, if stay,
Farre more, which he shall hearty find,
Both from the master and the hinde.
The stranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his chearfull brow doth weare;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheere,
Grow lesse, 'cause he staies longer here.
There's none observes (much lesse repines)
How often this man sups or dines.
Thou hast no porter at the doore
T' examine or keep back the poore;

Nor locks, nor bolts; thy gates have bin
Made onely to let strangers in;
Untaught to shut, they doe not feare
To stand wide open all the yeare;
Carelesse who enters, for they know
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for theeves, thy bountie's such,
They cannot steale, thou giv'st so much.

UPON A RIBBAND.

This silken wreath, which circles in mine arme,
Is but an emblem of that mystique charme,
Wherewith the magique of your beauties binds
My captive soule, and round about it winds
Fetters of lasting love; this hath entwin'd
My flesh alone, that hath empalde my mind.
Time may weare out these soft weak bands; but those
Strong chaines of brasse, fate shall not discompose.
This holy relique may preserve my wrist,
But my whole frame doth by that power subsist:
To that my prayers and sacrifice, to this
I onely pay a superstitious kisse:
This but the idoll, that's the deitie—
Religion there is due, here ceremonie:
That I receive by faith, this but in trust;
Here I may tender dutie, there I must.
This order as a layman I may beare,
But I become love's priest when that I weare;

This moves like ayre, that as the center stands;
That knot your vertue tide, this but your hands;
That Nature fram'd, but this was made by Art;
This makes my arme your prisoner, that my heart.

TO THE KING, AT HIS ENTRANCE INTO SAXHAM, BY MASTER IO. CROFTS.

SIR,

Ere you passe this threshold, stay,
And give your creature leavé to pay
Those pious rites, which unto you,
As to our houshold gods, are due.
In stead of sacrifice, each brest
Is like a flaming altar drest
With zealous fires, which from pure hearts
Love mixt with loyaltie imparts.
Incense nor gold have we, yet bring
As rich and sweet an offering;
And such as doth both these expresse,
Which is our humble thankfulnesse;
By which is payd the all we owe
To gods above or men below.
The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
The hungrie flames, we, for pure need,
Dresse for your supper; and the gore,
Which should be dasht on every dore,
We change into the lustie blood
Of youthfull vines, of which a flood

Shall sprightly run through all your veines,
First to your health, then your faire traines.
We shall want nothing but good fare,
To shew your welcome and our care;
Such rarities that come from farre,
From poore men's houses banisht are;
Yet wee'le expresse, in homely cheare,
How glad we are to see you here.
Wee'le have what e're the season yeelds
Out of the neighbouring woods and fields;
For all the dainties of your board
Will only be what those afford;
And, having supt, we may perchance
Present you with a countrie dance.
Thus much your servants, that beare sway
Here in your absence, bade me say,
And beg besides, you'ld hither bring
Only the mercy of a King,
And not the greatnesse, since they have
A thousand faults must pardon crave,
But nothing that is fit to waite
Upon the glory of your state.
Yet your gracious favour will,
They hope, as heretofore, shine still
On their endeavours, for they swore,
Should Jove descend, they could no more.

UPON THE SICKNESSE OF E. S.

Must she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
And no kind god helpe her, nor pitty us?
Is justice fled from heaven? can that permit
A foule deformed ravisher to sit
Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
The rose-buds in their maiden excellence?
To spread cold palenesse on her lips, and chase
The frighted rubies from their native place?
To lick up, with his searching flames, a flood
Of dissolv'd corall flowing in her blood;
And with the dampes of his infectious breath,
Print on her brow moyst characters of death?
Must the cleare light, 'gainst course of nature, cease
In her faire eyes, and yet the flames encrease?
Must feavers shake this goodly tree, and all
That ripened fruit from the faire branches fall,
Which princes have desir'd to taste? Must she,
Who hath preserv'd her spotlesse chastitie
From all solicitation, now at last
By agues and diseases be embrast?
Forbid it, holy Dian! else who shall
Pay vowes, or let one graine of incense fall
On thy neglected altars, if thou blesse
No better this thy zealous votaresse?
Haste then, O maiden Goddesse, to her ayde,
Let, on thy quiver, her pale cheeke be layd,

And rock her fainting body in thine armes;
Then let the God of Musick, with still charmes,
Her restlesse eyes in peacefull slumbers close,
And with soft straines sweeten her calme repose.
Cupid, descend; and whilst Apollo sings,
Fanning the coole ayre with thy panting wings,
Ever supply her with refreshing wind;
Let thy faire mother with her tresses bind
Her labouring temples, with whose balmie sweat
She shall perfume her hairie coronet,
Whose precious drops shall upon every fold
Hang like rich pearles about a wreath of gold;
Her looser locks, as they unbraded lye,
Shall spread themselves into a canopie,
Under whose shadow let her rest secure
From chilling cold or burning calenture;
Unlesse she freeze with yce of chast desires,
Or holy Hymen kindle nuptiall fires.
And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A NEW-YEARE'S SACRIFICE.

TO LUCINDA.

Those that can give, open their hands this day;
Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray,
That health may crowne the seasons of this yeare,
And mirth daunce round the circle; that no teare

(Unlesse of joy) may with its brinie dew
Discolour on your cheeke the rosie hue;
That no accesse of yeares presume to abate
Your beautie's ever-flourishing estate:
Such cheape and vulgar wishes I could lay,
As triviall offrings at your feet this day;
But that it were apostasie in me,
To send a prayer to any deitie
But your divine selfe, who have power to give
Those blessings unto others, such as live
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose faire aspects governe our destinies.
Such incense, vowes, and holy rites, as were
To the involved serpent of the yeare
Payd by Egyptian priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine, whilst I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dresse
With gums and spice of humble thankfulnesse.
So may my Goddesse, from her heaven, inspire
My frozen bosome with a Delphique fire;
And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortall name.

SONG.

34

TO ONE WHO, WHEN I PRAIS'D MY MISTRIS' BEAUTIE, SAID I WAS BLIND.

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you must bee
Darke in your eyes, or in your mind,
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me.
If the powerfull beames that flye
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lye
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart;
Then you'le confesse your mortall sight
Too weake for such a glorious light;
For, if her graces you discover,
You grow, like me, a dazel'd lover;
But if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder farre than I.

SONG.

TO MY MISTRIS, I BURNING IN LOVE.

I BURNE, and cruell, you in vaine
Hope to quench me with disdaine;

If from your eyes those sparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,
What bootes it me, though now you shrowde
Those fierce comets in a'cloude?
Since all the flames that I have felt
Could your snow yet never melt;
Nor can your snow (though you should take
Alpes into your bosome) slake
The heate of my enamour'd heart.
But with wonder learne love's art;
No seaes of yce can coole desire,
Equall flames must quench love's fire:
Then thinke not that my heat can dye,
Till you burne as well as I.

SONG.

TO HER AGAINE, SHE BURNING IN A FEAVER.

Now she burnes as well as I,
Yet my heat can never dye;
She burnes that never knew desire,
She that was yce, she that was fire;
She whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arme,
So as love's flames could never warme
The frozen bosome where it dwelt
She burnes, and all her beauties melt;
She burnes, and cryes, Love's fires are milde,
Feavers are God's—he's a childe:

Love, let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of soule and sence;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

UPON THE KING'S SICKNESSE.

Sicknesse, the minister of death, doth lay
So strong a seige against our brittle clay,
As whilst it doth our weake forts singly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in:
First, it begins upon the wombe to waite,
And doth the unborne child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lyes,
Where, e're it fully be alive, it dyes.
It never leaves fond youth, untill it have
Found, or an early, or a later grave.
By thousand subtle sleights from heedlesse man,
It cuts the short allowance of a span;
And where both sober life and art combine
To keepe it out, age makes them both resigne.
Thus by degrees it onely gain'd of late
The weake, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the sober, strong, and young, decay:
Entring his royall limbes that is our head,
Through us his mystique limbs the paine is spread;
That man that doth not feele his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion;

If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This griefe is felt at Court, where it doth move
Through every joynt, like the true soule of love.
All those faire starres, that doe attend on him,
Whence they deriv'd their light, wax pale and dim.
That ruddie morning beame of Majestie,
Which should the sun's eclipsed light supply,
Is overcast with mists, and in the liew
Of cherefull rayes, sends us downe drops of dew:
That curious forme made of an earth refin'd,
At whose blest birth the gentle planets shin'd
With faire aspects, and sent a glorious flame
To animate so beautifull a frame;
That darling of the gods and men doth weare
A cloude on's brow, and in his eye a teare:
And all the rest (save when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like livelesse statues stand;
So full a griefe, so generally worne,
Shewes a good King is sick, and good men mourne.

SONG.

TO A LADY NOT YET ENJOY'D BY HER HUSBAND.

Come, Celia, fixe thine eyes on mine,
And through those crystalls our soules flitting,
Shall a pure wreathe of eye-beames twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting.

Let eaglets the bright sun survey,
Though the blind mole discerne not day.

When cleere Aurora leaves her mate,
The light of her gray eyes dispising,
Yet all the world doth celebrate,
With sacrifice, her faire up-rising.
Let eaglets, &c.

A Dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet he those dainties never tasted;
As others pin'd in the pursuit,
So he himselfe with plentie wasted.
Let eaglets, &c.

SONG.

THE WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRIS.

Let fooles great Cupid's yoake disdaine,
Loving their owne wild freedome better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chaine,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdring glances, snaring haires,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me;
As he brings ruine, that repaires
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow,
With envious vayles, from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row,
In a sweet smile of love, unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheeles
The restlesse fate of every lover,
Survey the paines my sicke heart feeles,
And wounds themselves have made discover.

A FLYE THAT FLEW INTO MY MISTRIS HER EYE.

When this Flye liv'd, she us'd to play
In the sunshine all the day;
Till, comming neere my Celia's sight,
She found a new and unknowne light,
So full of glory, as it made
The noone-day sun a gloomy shade;
Then this amorous Fly became
My rivall, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosome skip,
And from her breath, her cheeke, and lip,
Suckt all the incense and the spice,
And grew a bird of Paradise:
At last into her eye she flew;
There scorcht in flames, and drown'd in dew,
Like Phaeton, from the sun's spheare
She fell, and with her dropt a teare,

Of which a pearle was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lye enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye
Funerall flame, tombe obsequie.

SONG.

CELIA SINGING.

HARKE how my Celia, with the choyce
Musique of her hand and voyce,
Stills the loude wind, and makes the wilde
Incensed Bore and Panther milde!
Marke how those statues like men move,
Whilst men with wonder statues prove!
This stiffe rock bends to worship her,
That idoll turnes idolater.
Now, see how all the new inspir'd
Images with love are fir'd!
Harke how the tender marble grones,
And all the late transformed stones
Court the faire nymph with many a teare,
Which she (more stony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind;
Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
Such matchlesse beautie, with disdaine,
Are all turn'd into stones againe.

SONG.

CELIA SINGING.

You that thinke love can convey
No other way,
But through the eyes, into the heart,
His fatall dart;
Close up those casements, and but heare
This syren sing;
And on the wing
Of her sweet voyce, it shall appeare
That love can enter at the eare:
Then unvaile your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voyce dwels, and as we know,
When the cocks crow,
We freely may
Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the musique's done,
Awake and see the rising sun.

SONG.

TO ONE THAT DESIRED TO KNOW MY MISTRIS.

Seeke not to know my love, for shee
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;

Her milde aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow;
For if her beautie stirre desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire;
Or, I can to Love's fountaine goe;
Or dwell upon her hills of snow.
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to coole the ayre.
Thou shalt not climbe those Alpes, nor spye
Where the sweet springs of Venus lye;
Search hidden Nature, and there find
A treasure to inrich thy mind;
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my Mistris live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdome not to know.

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY TO HER INCONSTANT SERVANT.

When on the altar of my hand,
(Bedeaw'd with many a kisse and teare,)
Thy now revolted heart did stand
An humble martyr, thou didst sweare
Thus; (and the god of love did heare,)
By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unlesse thou pitty me, I dye.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blasting sighes, did seale
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bosome that did heale
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steale;
My soule enflam'd with thy false breath,
Poyson'd with kisses, suckt in death.

Yet I nor hand, nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended god of love;
My curse is fatall, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorne endure.
If I implore the gods, they'le find
Thee too ingratefull, me too kind.

TRUCE IN LOVE ENTREATED.

No more, blind God, for see my heart
Is made thy quiver, where remaines
No voyd place for another dart;
And, alas! that conquest gaines
Small praise, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak artillerie,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd;
A rebell beautie, conquering Thee;
If thou dar'st equall combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

TO MY RIVALL.

HENCE, vaine intruder, hast away,
Wash not with thy unhallowed brine
The footsteps of my Celia's shrine;
Nor on her purer altars lay
Thy empty words, accents that may
Some looser dame to love encline;
She must have offerings more divine;
Such pearlie drops, as youthfull May
Scatters before the rising day;
Such smooth soft language, as each line
Might stroake an angry God, or stay
Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
With envie; doe this, thou shalt be
Servant to her, rivall with me.

BOLDNESSE IN LOVE.

MARKE how the bashfull morne, in vaine
Courts the amorous marigold,
With sighing blasts, and weeping raine;
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerfull ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beames into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy teares and sighes discover
Thy griefe, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover.
But when, with moving accents, thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charmes
With open eares, and with unfolded armes.

A PASTORALL DIALOGUE.

CELIA. CLEON.

As Celia rested in the shade
With Cleon by her side;
The swaine thus courted the young maid,
And thus the nymph replide:

Cl. Sweet! let thy captive fetters weare
Made of thine armes and hands,
Till such, as thraldome scorne or feare,
Envie those happy bands.

Ce. Then thus my willing armes I winde
About thee, and am so
Thy pris'ner; for myselfe I bind,
Untill I let thee goe.

Cl. Happy that slave whom the faire foe
Tyes in so soft a chaine.

Ce. Farre happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt breake loose againe.

Cl. By thy immortall beauties, never!
Ce. Fraile as thy love's thine oath.
Cl. Though beautie fade, my faith lasts ever.
Ce. Time will destroy them both.

Cl. I dote not on thy snow-white skin.
Ce. What then? *Cl.* Thy purer mind.
Ce. It lov'd too soone. *Cl.* Thou hadst not bin
So faire, if not so kind.

Ce. Oh, strange vaine fancie! *Cl.* But yet true.
Ce. Prove it. *Cl.* Then make a brade
Of those loose flames that circle you,
My sunnes, and yet your shade.

Ce. 'Tis done. *Cl.* Now give it me. *Ce.* Thus thou
Shalt thine owne errour find;
If these were beauties, I am now
Lesse faire, because more kind.

Cl. You shall confesse you erre; that haire
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountaine bare?
Ce. Aye me! it is too true.

Cl. But this small wreathe shall ever stay
In its first native prime,

And smiling when the rest decay,
The triumphs sing of time.

Ce. Then let me cut from thy faire grove
One branch, and let that be
An embleme of eternall love;
For such is mine to thee.

Cl. Thus are we both redeem'd from time;
I by thy grace. *Ce.* And I
Shall live in thy immortall rime,
Untill the Muses dye.

Cl. By heaven! *Ce.* Sweare not; if I must weepe,
Jove shall not smile at me;
This kisse, my heart, and thy faith keepe.
Cl. This breathes my soule to thee.

Then forth the thicket Thirsis rusht,
Where he saw all their play:
The swaine stood still, and smil'd, and blusht;
The nymph fled fast away.

GRIEFE INGROST.

Wherefore doe thy sad numbers flow
So full of woe?
Why dost thou melt in such soft straines,
Whilst she disdaines?

If she must still denie,
Weepe not, but dye;
And in thy funerall fire,
Shall all her fame expire.
Thus both shall perish; and as thou on thy hearse
Shall want her teares, so she shall want thy verse.
Repine not then at thy blest state;
Thou art above thy fate.
But my faire Celia will not give
Love enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her eye
Scorne enough to make me dye.
Then let me weepe alone, till her kind breath,
Or blow my teares away, or speake my death.

A PASTORALL DIALOGUE.

SHEPHERD. NYMPH. CHORUS.

Shep. This mossie bank they prest. *Ny.* That aged oak
Did canopie the happy payre
All night from the dampe ayre.
Cho. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shep.

See Love, the blushes of the morne appeare,
And now she hangs her pearlie store
(Rob'd from the easterne shore,)
I'th' couslips bell, and roses rare:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph.

Those streakes of doubtfull light usher not day,
But shew my sunne must set; no morne
Shall shine till thou returne;
The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawne, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep.

If thine eyes guild my pathes, they may forbeare
Their uselesse shine. *Nymph.* My teares will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beames more cleare,
Love's flames will shine in every teare.

Cho.

They kist, and wept, and from their lips, and eyes,
In a mixt dew, of brinie sweet,
Their joyes and sorrowes meet;
But she cryes out. *Nymph.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrayes us else to spies.

Shep.

The winged houres flye fast whilst we embrace,
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion Time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep.

Harke! *Ny.* Aye me! stay. *Shep.* For ever? *Ny.* No, arise,
Wee must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.

Nymph. My soule. *Shep.* My Paradise.
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Griefe, interrupted speach with teares supplyes.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

Reade in these Roses the sad story
Of my hard fate, and your owne glory;
In the White you may discover
The palenesse of a fainting lover;
In the Red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The White will tell you how I languish,
And the Red expresse my anguish;
The White my innocence displaying,
The Red my martyrdome betraying.
The frownes that on your brow resided,
Have those roses thus divided.
Oh! let your smiles but cleare the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

TO MY COUSIN C. R. MARRYING MY LADY A.

Happy youth, that shalt possesse
Such a spring-tyde of delight,
As the sated appetite
Shall, enjoying such excesse,
Wish the flood of pleasure lesse;

When the Hymeneall rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in shadowes dresse
Thy too reall happinesse;
Else (as Semele) the bright
Deitie in her full might,
May thy feeble soule oppresse.
Strong perfumes, and glaring light,
Oft destroy both smell and sight.

A LOVER UPON AN ACCIDENT NECESSITATING HIS DEPARTURE, CONSULTS WITH REASON.

Lover.

Weepe not, nor backward turne your beames
Fond eyes, sad sighes locke in your breath,
Lest on this wind, or in those streames,
My griev'd soule flye, or sayle to death:
Fortune destroys me if I stay,
Love kills me if I goe away;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come Reason, and resolve my doubtfull mind.

Reason.

Flye, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainst the blinder god rebell,
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
Where scorne and selfe-will'd error dwell;
Where entrance unto Truth is bar'd;
Where Love and Faith find no reward;

For my just hand may sometime move
The wheele of Fortune, not the spheare of Love.

PARTING, CELIA WEEPES.

Weepe not, my deare, for I shall goe
Loaden enough with mine owne woe;
Adde not thy heavinesse to mine;
Since fate our pleasures must disjoyne,
Why should our sorrowes meet? if I
Must goe, and lose thy company,
I wish not theirs; it shall relieve
My griefe, to thinke thou dost not grieve.
Yet grieve, and weepe, that I may beare
Every sigh, and every teare
Away with me, so shall thy brest
And eyes discharg'd, enjoy their rest;
And it will glad my heart to see,
Thou wer't thus loath to part with me.

A RAPTURE.

I will enjoy thee now, my Celia, come
And flye with me to love's Elizium;
The gyant, Honour, that keepes cowards out,
Is but a masquer, and the servile rout
Of baser subjects onely, bend in vaine
To the vast idoll, whilst the nobler traine

Of valiant lovers, daily sayle betweene
The huge Collosses legs, and passe unseene
Unto the blissfull shore; be bold, and wise,
And we shall enter; the grim Swisse denies
Only to tame fooles a passage, that not know
He is but forme, and onely frights in show
The duller eyes that looke from farre; draw neere,
And thou shalt scorne what we were wont to feare.
We shall see how the stalking pageant goes
With borrowed legs, a heavie load to those
That made, and beare him; not as we once thought
The seed of Gods, but a weake modell wrought
By greedy men, that seeke to enclose the common,
And within private armes empale free woman.
Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
Wee'le cut the flitting ayre, and sore above
The monster's head, and in the noblest seates
Of those blest shades, quench and renew our heates.
There, shall the Queens of Love and Innocence,
Beautie and Nature, banish all offence
From our close ivy twines; there I'le behold
Thy bared snow, and thy unbraded gold;
There, my enfranchiz'd hand, on every side
Shall o're thy naked polish'd ivory slide.
No curtaine there, though of transparant lawne,
Shall be before thy virgin-treasure drawne;
But the rich mine, to the enquring eye
Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lye,
And we will coyne young Cupids. There, a bed
Of roses and fresh myrtles shall be spread

Under the cooler shade of cypresse groves;
Our pillowes, of the downe of Venus doves,
Whereon our panting lims wee'le gently lay
In the faint respites of our active play;
That so our slumbers may in dreams have leisure,
To tell the nimble fancie our past pleasure;
And so our soules that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodyes taste.
Meanwhile the bubbling streame shall court the shore;
Th' enamoured chirping wood-quire shall adore
In varied tunes the Deitie of Love;
The gentle blasts of westerne winds shall move
The trembling leaves, and through their close bows breath
Still musick, whilst we rest ourselves beneath
Their dancing shade; till a soft murmure, sent
From soules entranc'd in amorous languishment,
Rowze us, and shoot into our veines fresh fire,
Till we in their sweet extasie expire.
Then, as the empty bee, that lately bore
Into the common treasure all her store,
Flyes 'bout the painted field with nimble wing,
Deflowring the fresh virgins of the spring—
So will I rifle all the sweets that dwell
In my delicious paradise, and swell
My bagge with honey, drawne forth by the power
Of fervent kisses, from each spicie flower.
I'le seize the rose-buds in their perfum'd bed,
The violet knots, like curious mazes spread
O're all the garden; taste the rip'ned cherry,
The warme firme apple, tipt with corall berry;

Then will I visit, with a wand'ring kisse,
The vale of lillies, and the bower of blisse;
And where the beauteous region doth divide
Into two milkie wayes, my lips shall slide
Downe those smooth allies, wearing as I goe
A tract for lovers on the printed snow;
Thence climbing o're the swelling Appenine,
Retire into thy grove of eglantine;
Where I will all those ravisht sweets distill
Through loves alimbique, and with chimmique skill
From the mixt masse one soveraigne balme derive,
Then bring that great Elixar to thy hive.
Now in more subtile wreathes I will entwine
My sinowie thighes, my legs and armes, with thine;
Thou like a sea of milke shalt lye display'd,
Whilst I the smooth calme ocean invade
With such a tempest, as when Jove of old
Fell downe on Danae in a storme of gold;
Yet my tall pine shall in the Cyprian straight
Ride safe at anchor, and unlade her fraight;
My rudder, with thy bold hand, like a tryde
And skilfull pilot, thou shalt steere, and guide
My bark into Love's channell, where it shall
Dance, as the bounding waves doe rise or fall.
Then shall thy circling armes embrace and clip
My willing bodie, and thy balmie lip
Bathe me in juyce of kisses, whose perfume
Like a religious incense shall consume,
And send up holy vapours to those powres
That blesse our loves, and crowne our sportfull houres,

That with such halcion calmenesse fix our soules
In stedfast peace, as no affright controules.
There, no rude sounds shake us with sudden starts;
No jealous eares, when we unrip our hearts,
Sucke our discourse in; no observing spies,
This blush, that glance traduce; no envious eyes
Watch our close meetings; nor are we betray'd
To rivals, by the bribed chambermaid.
No wedlock bonds unwreathe our twisted loves;
We seeke no midnight arbor, no darke groves
To hide our kisses; there, the hated name
Of husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame,
Are vaine and empty words, whose very sound
Was never heard in the Elizian ground.
All things are lawfull there that may delight
Nature, or unrestrained appetite;
Like, and enjoy, to will, and act, is one;
We only sinne when Love's rites are not done.
The Roman Lucrece there reads the divine
Lectures of Love's great master, Aretine,
And knowes as well as Lais how to move
Her plyant body in the act of love.
To quench the burning ravisher, she hurles
Her limbs into a thousand winding curles,
And studies artfull postures, such as be
Carv'd on the barke of every neighbouring tree
By learned hands, that so adorn'd the rinde,
Of those faire plants, which, as they lay entwinde,
Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian dame,
That in her endlesse webb toyl'd for a name

As fruitlesse as her worke, doth there display
Herselfe before the Youth of Ithaca,
And th' amorous sport of gamesome nights prefer
Before dull dreames of the lost traveller.
Daphne hath broke her barke, and that swift foot,
Which th' angry Gods had fast'ned with a root
To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run
To meet th' embraces of the youthfull Sun;
She hangs upon him, like his Delphique lyre,
Her kisses blow the old, and breath new fire;
Full of her God, she sings inspired layes,
Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bayes,
Which she herselfe was. Next her, Laura lyes
In Petrarch's learned armes, drying those eyes
That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers flow,
As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
These, and ten thousand beauties more, that dy'de
Slave to the tyrant, now, enlarg'd, deride
His cancell'd lawes, and, for their time mispent,
Pay into Love's Exchequer double rent.
Come then, my Celia, wee'le no more forbeare
To taste our joyes, struck with a pannique feare,
But will depose from his imperious sway
This proud usurper, and walke free as they,
With necks unyoak'd; nor is it just that hee
Should fetter your soft sex with chastitie,
Which Nature made unapt for abstinence;
When yet this false impostor can dispence
With humane justice, and with sacred right,
And, maugre both their lawes, command me fight

With rivals, or with emulous loves, that dare
Equall with thine their mistresse eyes or haire.
If thou complaine of wrong, and call my sword
To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
With markes of infamie my coward hands:
And yet religion bids from blood-shed flye,
And damns me for that act. Then tell me why
This goblin Honour, which the world adores,
Should make men atheists, and not women whores.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS.

The Lady Mary Villers lyes
Under this stone; with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her birth,
And their sad friends, lay'd her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Knowne unto thee, shed a teare;
Or if thyselfe possesse a gemme,
As deare to thee, as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewayle in theirs, thine owne hard case;
For thou, perhaps, at thy returne
Mayest find thy darling in an urne.

ANOTHER.

The purest soule that e're was sent
Into a clayie tenement

Inform'd this dust; but the weake mold
Could the great guest no longer hold;
The substance was too pure, the flame
Too glorious that thither came;
Ten thousand Cupids brought along
A Grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there, till they all opprest
The seat in which they sought to rest;
So the faire modell broke for want
Of roome to lodge th' inhabitant.

ANOTHER.

This little vault, this narrow roome,
Of love and beautie is the tombe;
The dawning beame, that 'gan to cleare
Our clouded skie, lyes dark'ned here,
For ever set to us; by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath,
'Twas but a bud, yet did containe
More sweetnesse than shall spring againe;
A budding starre, that might have growne
Into a sun, when it had blowne.
This hopefull beautie did create
New life in love's declining state;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free;
His brand, his bow, let no man feare,
The flames, the arrowes, all lye here.

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EPITAPH ON THE LADY S. WIFE TO SIR W. S.

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting ayres (the magicke of a face)
Of musicall sweet tunes, all which combin'd,
To crown one soveraigne beauty, lies confin'd
To this darke vault. Shee was a cabinet
Where all the choysest stones of price were set;
Whose native colours, and purest lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazling ornament;
Whose rare and hidden vertues did expresse
Her inward beauties, and mind's fairer dresse.
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout saphyre, emrauld apt to write
Records of memory, cheerefull agat, grave
And serious onyx, tophaze, that doth save
The braine's calme temper, witty amathist,
This precious quartie, or what else the list
On Aaron's ephod planted had, shee wore;
One only pearle was wanting to her store,
Which in her Saviour's book she found exprest;
To purchase that, she sold death all the rest.

MARIE WENTWORTH. THOMÆ COMITIS CLEVELAND, FILIA PRÆMORTUÆ PRIMA VIRGINIAM ANIMAM EXHALUIT. AN. DOM. ÆT. SUÆ.

And here the precious dust is layd,
Whose purely-temper'd clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soule grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sinne,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height, it soar'd to God above;
In depth, it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to generall love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents, courtesie behind,
On either side an equall mind.

Good to the poore, to kindred deare,
To servants kind, to friendship cleare,
To nothing but her selfe severe.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justifi'd
A chaste poligamie, and dy'd.

Learne from hence, reader, what small trust
We owe this world, where vertue must,
Fraile as our flesh, crumble to dust.

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BEATISSIMIS MANIBUS CHARISSIMI VIRI ILLMA
CONJUNX SIC PARENTAVIT.

When in the brazen leaves of fame,
The life, the death, of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if truth's hand
Incize the story of our land,
Posteritie shall see a faire
Structure, by the studious care
Of two kings rays'd, that no lesse
Their wisdome, than their power expresse;
By blinded zeale (whose doubtfull light
Made murder's scarlet robe seeme white,
Whose vain-deluding phantosmes charm'd
A clouded sullen soule, and arm'd
A desperate hand, thirstie of blood,)
Torne from the faire earth where it stood;
So the majestique fabrique fell.
His actions let our annals tell;
Wee write no chronicle; this pile
Weares onely sorrowe's face and stile,
Which even the envie that did waite
Upon his flourishing estate,

Turn'd to soft pitty of his death,
Now payes his hearse; but that cheape breath
Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
Puddle those streames that bathe this shrine.
These are the pious obsequies,
Drop'd from his chast wife's pregnant eyes
In frequent showres, and were alone
By her congealing sighes made stone,
On which the carver did bestow
These formes and characters of woe;
So he the fashion onely lent,
Whilst she wept all this monument.

ANOTHER.

SISTE HOSPES, SIVE INDIGENA, SIVE ADVENA, VICISSITUDINIS RERUM MEMOR, PAUCA PELLEGE.

READER, when these dumbe stones have told,
In borrowed speach, what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confesse, the vaine pursuit
Of humane glory yeelds no fruit,
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happinesse create,
Her ministers, fortune, and worth,
Had here that myracle brought forth;
They fix'd this child of honour where
No roome was left for hope or feare,

Of more or lesse; so high, so great
His growth was, yet so safe his seate.
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyall heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stampe of Nature, which
Did strength, with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerefull curtesies
Of flowing gestures, speach, and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store.
Yet, though for vertue he becomes
Involv'd himselfe in borrowed summes,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpay'd.
  But though the starres conspire to shower
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other brests inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darlings life.
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?

FOURE SONGS, BY WAY OF CHORUS TO A PLAY, AT AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE KING AND QUEENE, BY MY LORD CHAMBERLAINE:

THE FIRST OF JEALOUSIE. DIALOGUE.

Question. FROM whence was first this furie hurl'd,
This Jealousie into the world?
Came she from hell? *Ans.* No, there doth raigne
Eternall hatred, with disdaine;
But she the daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. *Reply.* Then above
She must derive from the third spheare
Her heavenly offspring. *Ans.* Neither there
From those immortall flames, could shee
Draw her cold frozen pedigree.
Quest. If nor from heaven nor hell, where then
Has she her birth? *Ans.* I' th' hearts of men;
Beauty and Feare did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate,
Sister to both, by Beautie's side
To Love, by Feare to Hate ally'de;
Despayre her issue is, whose race
Of fruitfull mischiefes drownes the space
Of the wide earth in a swolne flood
Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage, and blood.
Ques. Oh how can such a spurious line
Proceed from parents so divine?

Ans. As streames, which from their crystall spring
Doe sweet and cleare their waters bring,
Yet mingling with the brackish maine,
Nor taste nor colour they retaine.
Ques. Yet rivers 'twixt their own bankes flow
Still fresh; can jealousie doe so?
Ans. Yes, whilst shee keepes the stedfast ground
Of Hope and Feare, her equall bound;
Hope sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Towards the faire object doth advance;
Whilst Feare, as watchfull sentinell,
Doth the invading foe repell;
And Jealousie thus mixt, doth prove
The season and the salt of love;
But when Feare takes a larger scope,
Stifling the child of Reason, Hope,
Then sitting on the' usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone,
As the wilde ocean unconfin'de,
And raging as the northern winde.

II. FEMININE HONOUR.

In what esteeme did the Gods hold
Faire Innocence, and the chaste bed,
When scandall'd vertue might be bold
Bare-foot, upon sharpe cultures, spread
O're burning coles to march, yet feele
Nor scorching fire, nor piercing steele?

Why, when the hard edg'd iron did turne
  Soft as a bed of roses blowne,
When cruell flames forgot to burne
  Their chaste pure limbes, should man alone
'Gainst female innocence conspire,
Harder than steele, fiercer than fire?

Oh haplesse sex! Unequall sway
  Of partiall honour! Who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
  When malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and fame fixe high repute
On the close shamelesse prostitute?

Vaine honour! thou art but disguise,
  A cheating voyce, a jugling art;
No judge of vertue, whose pure eyes
  Court her owne image in the heart,
More pleas'd with her true figure there,
Than her false eccho in the eare.

III. SEPARATION OF LOVERS.

Stop the chafed bore, or play
  With the lyon's paw, yet feare
  From the lover's side to teare
Th' idoll of his soule away.

Though love enter by the sight
  To the heart, it doth not flye

From the mind, when from the eye
The faire objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
When we lose what wee before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is love more set on fire.

Love doth with an hungrie eye
Glut on beautie, and you may
Safer snatch the tyger's prey,
Than his vitall food deny.

Yet though absence for a space
Sharpen the keene appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All love's characters efface.

For the sense not fed, denies
Nourishment unto the minde,
Which with expectation pinde,
Love, of a consumption dyes.

IV. INCOMMUNICABILITIE OF LOVE.

Quest. By what power was love confinde
To one object? Who can binde,
Or fix a limit to the free-borne minde?

Ans. Nature ; for as bodyes may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can mindes to more than one love stray.

Reply. Yet I feele a double smart,
Love's twinn'd-flame, his forked dart.
Ans. Then hath wilde lust, not love, possest thy heart.

Qu. Whence springs love? *Ans.* From beauty. *Qu.* Why
Should th' effect not multiply
As fast i' th' heart, as doth the cause i' th' eye?

Ans. When two beauties equall are,
Sense preferring neither fayre,
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the paire.

So in equall distance lay
Two fayre lambes in the wolfe's way ;
The hungry beast will sterve e're chuse his prey.

But where one is chiefe, the rest
Cease, and that's alone possest,
Without a rivall, monarch of the breast.

SONGS IN THE PLAY.

A LOVER, IN THE DISGUISE OF AN AMAZON, IS DEARLY BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESSE.

CEASE thou afflicted soule to mourne,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorne;
For I am starv'd that feele the blisses
Of deare embraces, smiles, and kisses
From my soule's idoll, yet complaine
Of equall love more than disdaine.

Cease, beautie's exile, to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that faire bosome dwell
That is my paradise and hell;
Banisht at home, at once at ease
In the safe port, and tost on seas.

Cease in cold jealous feares to pine
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I hold lockt in mine armes
My life's sole joy, a traytor's charmes
Prevaile, whilst I may onely blame
Myselfe, that myne owne rivall am.

ANOTHER.

A LADY RESCUED FROM DEATH BY A KNIGHT, WHO IN THE INSTANT LEAVES HER, COMPLAINES THUS:

Oh whither is my fayre sun fled,
  Bearing his light, not heat away?
If thou repose in the moyst bed
  Of the Sea Queene, bring backe the day
To our darke clime, and thou shalt lye
Bathed in the sea flowes from mine eye.

Upon what whirlewind didst thou ride
  Hence, yet remaine fixt in my heart?
From me, and to me, fled, and ty'de;
  Darke riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to flye, so hee
Unfeather'd, now must rest with mee.

Helpe, helpe, brave youth, I burne, I bleed,
  The cruell God with bow and brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed,
  Disarme him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'st the wilde boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

TO BEN JOHNSON.

UPON OCCASION OF HIS ODE OF DEFIANCE ANNEXT TO HIS PLAY OF THE NEW INNE.

'Tis true, deare Ben, thy just chastizing hand
Hath fixt upon the sotted age a brand
To their swolne pride, and empty scribbling due;
It can not judge, nor write, and yet 'tis true
Thy commique muse, from the exalted line
Toucht by thy Alchymist, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretells a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
Yet such, as shall outshine the glimmering light
With which all stars shall guild the following night.
Nor thinke it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the sunnie tryall,) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine
Trickt up in fairer plumes, since all are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or else who dar'd
To call thy births deform'd? but if thou bind
By citie-custome, or by Gavell-kind,
In equall shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sexe and place;
Though one hand form them, and though one brain strike
Soules into all, they are not all alike.
Why should the follies, then, of this dull age,
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage,

As seemes to blast thy (else-immortall) Bayes,
When thine owne tongue proclaimes thy ytch of praise.
Such thirst will argue drouth. No, let be hurl'd
Upon thy workes, by the detracting world,
What malice can suggest; let the rowte say,
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the slow minutes, might a Goodwin frame
To swallow when th' hast done thy shipwrackt name.
Let them the deare expence of oyle upbraid,
Suckt by thy watchfull lampe, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy inke, whilst thou growest pale with guilt.
Repine not at the taper's thriftie waste,
That sleekes thy terser poems, nor is haste
Prayse, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knottie writer, bring the bootie home;
Nor thinke it theft, if the rich spoyles so torne
From conquer'd authors, be as trophies worne.
Let others glut on the extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after dayes;
Thy labour'd workes shall live, when time devoures
Th' abortive offspring of their hastie houres.
Thou art not of their ranke, the quarrell lyes
Within thine owne virge; then let this suffice—
The wiser world doth greater thee confesse
Than all men else, than thy selfe onely lesse.

70 AN HYMENEALL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOME.

Groome. TELL me, my love, since Hymen ty'de
The holy knot, hast thou not felt
A new infused spirit slide
Into thy brest, whilst thine did melt?

Bride. First tell me, sweet, whose words were those?
For though your voyce the ayre did breake,
Yet did my soule the sence compose,
And through your lips my heart did speake.

Groome. Then I perceive, when from the flame
Of love my scorch'd soule did retire,
Your frozen heart in her place came,
And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride. 'Tis true, for when that mutuall change
Of soules was made with equall gaine,
I straight might feele diffus'd a strange
But gentle heat through every veine.

Chorus. O blest disunion, that doth so
Our bodyes from our soules divide,
As two doe one, and one foure grow,
Each by contraction multiply'de.

Bride. Thy bosome then I'le make my nest,
Since there my willing soule doth pearch.
Groome. And for my heart, in thy chast brest,
I'le make an everlasting search.
Chorus. O blest disunion, &c.

OBSEQUIES TO THE LADY ANNE HAY.

I HEARD the virgins sigh, I saw the sleeke
And polisht courtier channell his fresh cheeke
With reall teares; the new-betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the graver senate layd
Their businesse by; of all the courtly throng,
Griefe seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue.
I, that ne're more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward mistresse drew,
And, for the publike woe, had my dull sense
So sear'd with ever adverse influence,
As the invader's sword might have, unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead bosome, yet began to melt;
Griefe's strong instinct did to my blood suggest,
In the unknowne losse, peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlil's gemme,
The fayrest branch of Dennye's ancient stemme,
Was from that casket stolne, from this trunke torne,
I found just cause why they, why I should mourne.
But who shall guide my artlesse pen, to draw
Those blooming beauties, which I never saw?
How shall posteritie beleeve my story,
If I her crowded graces, and the glory

Due to her riper vertues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortall state?
Shall I, as once Apelles, here a feature,
There steale a grace, and rifling so whole Nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
Figure one Venus, and say, such was shee?
Shall I her legend fill, with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her sex beene told,
And what all pens and times to all dispence,
Restraine to her by a prophetique sence?
Or shall I to the morall and divine
Exactest lawes shape, by an even line,
A life so straight, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,
And call it hers—say, so did she begin,
And, had she liv'd, such had her progresse been?
These are dull wayes, by which base pens, for hire,
Dawbe glorious vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steale holy dittyes, which prophanely they
Upon the herse of every strumpet lay.
We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd teare,
Nor shall thy traine borrow the blacks they weare:
Such vulgar spice and gums embalme not thee—
Thou art the theame of truth, not poetrie.
Thou shalt endure a tryall by thy peeres,
Virgins of equall birth, of equall yeares,
Whose vertues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life.
One shall enspheare thine eyes, another shall
Impearle thy teeth; a third, thy white and small

Hand shall besnow; a fourth, incarnadine
Thy rosie cheeke, untill each beauteous line,
Drawne by her hand, in whom that part excells,
Meet in one center, where all beautie dwells.
Others in taske shall thy choyce vertues share,
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare.
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds,
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every vertue, which, in the pursuit
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit.
Thus shalt thou, from the mouth of envy, raise
A glorious journall of thy thrifty dayes,
Like a bright starre, shot from his spheare, whose race
In a continued line of flames we trace.
This, if survay'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art;
This shall gaine credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partiall rimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall saint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus even by rivals to be deifide.

TO THE COUNTESSE OF ANGLESIE, UPON THE IMMODERATLY-BY-HER-LAMENTED DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

MADAM, men say you keepe, with dropping eyes,
Your sorrowes fresh, wat'ring the rose that lyes

Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear lord's hearse.
Alas! those odors now no more can pierce
His cold pale nosthrill, nor the crymson dye
Present a gracefull blush to his darke eye.
Thinke you that flood of pearly moysture hath
The vertue fabled of old Æson's bath?
You may your beauties and your youth consume
Over his urne, and with your sighes perfume
The solitarie vault, which, as you grone,
In hollow ecchoes shall repeate your moane;
There you may wither, and an autumne bring
Upon your selfe, but not call back his spring.
Forbeare your fruitlesse griefe, then, and let those,
Whose love was doubted, gaine beliefe with showes
To their suspected faith; you, whose whole life
In every act crown'd you a constant wife,
May spare the practise of that vulgar trade,
Which superstitious custome onely made;
Rather, a widow now, of wisedome prove
The patterne, as a wife you were of love:
Yet, since you surfet on your griefe, 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cates you sit
Glutting your sorrowes; and at once include
His story, your excuse, my gratitude.
You, that behold how yond' sad lady blends
Those ashes with her teares, lest, as she spends
Her tributarie sighes, the frequent gust
Might scatter up and downe the noble dust—
Know, when that heape of atomes was with bloud
Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmely stood

On stately pillars, the rare forme might move
The froward Juno's or chast Cinthia's love.
In motion, active grace, in rest, a calme
Attractive sweetnesse, brought both wound and balme
To every heart. He was compos'd of all
The wishes of ripe virgins, when they call
For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
A shape of studied beauties to their bed.
Within this curious palace dwelt a soule
Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole:
This drest his face in curteous smiles, and so
From comely gestures sweeter manners flow:
This courage joyn'd to strength; so the hand, bent,
Was valour's, open'd, bountie's instrument,
Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,
Knew how to brandish steele and scatter gold.
This taught him not to engage his modest tongue
In suites of private gaine, though publike wrong;
Nor misemploy (as is the great man's use)
His credit with his master, to traduce,
Deprave, maligne, and ruine innocence,
In proud revenge of some misjudg'd offence.
But all his actions had the noble end
T' advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
He chose not in the active streame to swim,
Nor hunted honour, which yet hunted him;
But like a quiet eddie, that hath found
Some hollow creeke, there turnes his waters round,
And, in continuall circles, dances free
From the impetuous torrent; so did hee

Give others leave to turne the wheele of state,
(Whose restlesse motions spins the subject's fate,)
Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noyse
Of Court and suitors' presse, apart enjoyes
Freedome and mirth, himselfe, his time, and friends,
And with sweet rellish tastes each houre he spends.
I could remember how his noble heart
First kindled at your beauties; with what art
He chas'd his game through all opposing feares,
When I his sighes to you, and back your teares
Convay'd to him; how loyall then, and how
Constant he prov'd since to his mariage vow,
So as his wand'ring eyes never drew in
One lustfull thought to tempt his soule to sinne;
But that I feare such mention rather may
Kindle new griefe, than blow the old away.
Then let him rest joyn'd to great Buckingham,
And with his brothers mingle his bright flame,
Looke up, and meet their beames, and you from thence
May chance derive a chearfull influence.
Seeke him no more in dust, but call agen
Your scatter'd beauties home, and so the pen,
Which now I take from this sad elegie,
Shall sing the trophies of your conquering eye.

AN ELEGIE UPON THE DEATH OF DR DONNE, DEANE OF PAUL'S.

CAN we not force from widowed poetrie,
Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegie,
To crowne thy hearse? Why yet did we not trust,
Though with unkneaded dow-bak'd prose, thy dust,
Such as th' uncizar'd lect'rer from the flower
Of fading rhet'rique, short-liv'd as his houre,
Drie as the sand that measures it, might lay
Upon the ashes on the funerall day?
Have we nor tune, nor voyce? Didst thou dispence
Through all our language both the words and sence?
'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plaine
And sober Christian precepts still retaine;
Doctrines it may, and wholsome uses, frame,
Grave homilies, and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soule, that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darknesse bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deepe knowledge of darke truths so teach,
As sence might judge what fancy could not reach,
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heate the Delphique quire,
Which, kindled first by thy Promethean breath,
Glow'd here awhile, lyes quencht now in thy death.
The Muses' garden, with pedantique weedes
O'respread, was purg'd by thee, the lazie seeds

Of servile imitation throwne away,
And fresh invention planted; thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious banquerout age:
Licentious thefts, that make poetique rage
A mimique furie, when our soules must be
Possest, or with Anacreon's extasie,
Or Pindar's, not their owne, the subtle cheate
Of slie exchanges, and the jugling feate
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greeke or Latine tongue,
Thou hast redeem'd, and opened as a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancie, drawne a line
Of masculine expression, which, had good
Old Orpheus seene, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fooles admire, and hold
Their leade more precious than thy burnisht gold,
Thou hadst beene their exchequer, and no more,
They each in others dung had search'd for ore.
Thou shalt yeeld no precedence but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charmes the outward sense; yet thou may'st claime
From so great disadvantage, greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit,
With her tough thick-rib'd hoopes, to gird about
Thy gyant fancie, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred yeare,
And left the rifled fields, besides the feare

To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands,
Of what was onely thine, thy onely hands
(And that their smallest worke) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reape before.
But thou art gone, and thy strickt lawes will be
Too hard for libertines in poetric;
They will recall the goodly exil'd traine
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just raigne
Was banisht nobler poems; now, with these,
The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuffe their lines, and swell the windie page,
Till verse, refin'd by thee in this last age,
Turne ballad-rime, or those old idols be
Ador'd againe with new apostasie.
O pardon me, that breake with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy hearse,
Whose solemne awfull murmurs were to thee,
More than these rude lines, a loude elegie,
That did proclaime, in a dumbe eloquence,
The death of all the arts, whose influence,
Growne feeble, in these panting numbers lyes
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dyes.
So doth the swiftly-turning wheele not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand;
But some short time retaine a faint weake course,
By vertue of the first impulsive force;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funerall pile
Thy crowne of bayes, O let it crack awhile,
And spit disdaine, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moysture up, then turne to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engrosse
All thy perfections, or weepe all the losse;
Those are too numerous for one elegie,
And this too great to be exprest by me.
Let others carve the rest; it will suffize
I on thy grave this epitaph incize:—
Here lyes a King, that rul'd as he thought fit
The universall monarchie of wit;
Here lyes two Flamens, and both those the best—
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest.

IN ANSWER OF AN ELEGIACALL LETTER UPON THE DEATH OF THE KING OF SWEDEN, FROM AURELIAN TOWNSEND, INVITING ME TO WRITE ON THAT SUBJECT.

Why dost thou sound, my deare Aurelian,
In so shrill accents, from thy Barbican,
A loude allarum to my drowsie eyes,
Bidding them wake in teares and elegies
For mightie Sweden's fall? Alas! how may
My lyrique feet that of the smooth soft way
Of love and beautie onely know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his majesticke hearse
Prophane with th' humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil, nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso, more
Than both, not Donne, worth all that went before,
With the united labour of their wit,
Could a just poem to this subject fit.

His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by verse—let him in prose be prays'd,
In modest faithfull story, which his deedes
Shall turne to poems: when the next age reades
Of Frankfort, Leipsigh, Worsburgh, of the Rhyne,
The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Wallestein,
Bavaria, Papenheim, Lutzenfield, where hee
Gain'd after death a posthume victorie,
They'le thinke his acts things rather feign'd than done,
Like our romances of the knight o' th' sun.
Leave we him then to the grave chronicler,
Who, though to annals he can not refer
His too-briefe storie, yet his journals may
Stand by the Cæsar's yeares, and every day
Cut into minutes, each shall more containe
Of great designement than an emperour's raigne;
And (since 'twas but his church-yard) let him have
For his owne ashes now no narrower grave
Than the whole German continent's vast wombe,
Whilst all her cities doe but make his tombe.
Let us to supreame Providence commit
The fate of monarchs, which first thought it fit
To rend the empire from the Austrian graspe;
And next from Sweden's, even when he did claspe
Within his dying armes the soveraigntie
Of all those provinces, that men might see
The Divine wisedome would not leave that land
Subject to any one King's sole command.
Then let the Germans feare if Cæsar shall,
Or the united princes rise and fall;

But let us, that in myrtle bowers sit
Under secure shades, use the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
Of our good King gives this obdurate land;
Let us of revels sing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Gustavus' death,
Blowing his name to heaven) gently inspire
Thy past'rall pipe, till all our swaines admire
Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
The beauties of the SHEPHERD'S PARADISE.
For who like thee, (whose loose discourse is farre
More neate and polisht than our poems are,
Whose very gate's more gracefull than our dance,)
In sweetly-flowing numbers, may advance
The glorious night; when, not to act foule rapes,
Like birds or beasts, but, in their angel-shapes,
A troope of deities came downe to guide
Our steerelesse barkes in passion's swelling tide
By vertue's carde, and brought us from above
A patterne of their owne celestiall love.
Nor lay it in darke sullen precepts drown'd,
But with rich fancie and cleare action crown'd,
Through a misterious fable (that was drawne
Like a transparant veyle of purest lawne
Before their dazelling beauties) the divine
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid shine.
The storie's curious web, the masculine stile,
The subtile sence, did time and sleepe beguile;
Pinnion'd and charm'd they stood to gaze upon
Th' angellike formes, gestures, and motion;

To heare those ravishing sounds, that did dispence
Knowledge and pleasure to the soule and sense.
It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all spirit, his corporeall mold,
Dissected into atomes, melt away
To empty ayre, and from the grosse allay
Of mixtures, and compounding accidents
Refin'd to immateriall elements.
But when the Queene of Beautie did inspire
The ayre with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing, from her celestiall organ, sweet
Harmonious notes, our soules fell at her feet,
And did, with humble reverend dutie, more
Her rare perfections than high state adore.
These harmlesse pastimes let my Townsend sing
To rurall tunes; not that thy Muse wants wing
To soare a loftier pitch, for she hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroique shade
Above the reach of our faint flagging ryme;
But these are subjects proper to our clyme.
Tourneyes, masques, theaters, better become
Our Halcyon dayes; what though the German drum
Bellow for freedome and revenge, the noyse
Concernes not us, nor should divert our joyes;
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
Drowne the sweet ayres of our tun'd violins;
Beleeve me, friend, if their prevailing powers
Gaine them a calme securitie like ours,
They'le hang their armes upon the olive bough,
And dance, and revell then, as we doe now.

UPON MASTER W. MOUNTAGUE HIS RETURNE FROM TRAVELL.

Leade the black bull to slaughter, with the bore
And lambe; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea gods for their carefull waftage pay;
Send gratefull incense up in pious smoake
To those mild spirits, that cast a curbing yoake
Upon the stubborne winds, that calmely blew
To the wisht shore our long'd-for Mountague.
Then, whilst the aromatique odours burne,
In honour of their darling's safe returne,
The Muse's quire shall thus, with voyce and hand,
Blesse the fayre gale that drove his ship to land:—
Sweetly breathing vernall ayre,
That with kind warmth doest repayre
Winter's ruines, from whose brest
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Guilds the morne and cleares the skie,
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearles upon the violet bed,
On whose brow, with calme smiles drest,
The halcion sits and builds her nest;
Beautie, youth, and endlesse spring,
Dwell upon thy rosie wing.
Thou, if stormie Boreas throwes
Downe whole forrests when he blowes,

With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth;
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's faire or good,
If he scatter our choyce flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroake great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtaine
To binde him in an iron chaine.
Thus, whilst you deale your body 'mongst your friends,
And fill their circling armes, my glad soule sends
This her embrace: Thus we of Delphos greet—
As laymen claspe their hands, we joyne our feet.

TO MASTER W. MOUNTAGUE.

Sir, I arest you at your countreye's suit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich stock, which she, by Nature's hand,
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land.
Next, she endites you of a felonie,
For stealing what was her proprietie,
Your selfe from hence, so seeking to convey
The publike treasure of the state away.
More, y'are accus'd of ostracisme, the fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
On eminent vertue; but that curse, which they
Cast on their men, you on your countrey lay.

For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdome lives in exile, and all hearts,
That rellish worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, suffer banishment:
These are your publike injuries; but I
Have a just private quarrell to defie,
And call you coward, thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
Till I redeem'd my honour; but I sweare
By Celia's eyes, by the same force to teare
Your heart from you, or not to end this strife
Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
But as in single fights it oft hath beene,
In that unequall equall tryall seene,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first
Came from the combat oft too with the worst;
So, if you foyle me when we meet, I'le then
Give you fayre leave to wound me so agen.

ON THE MARIAGE OF T. K. AND C. C. THE MORNING STORMIE.

Such should this day be, so the sun should hide
His bashfull face, and let the conquering bride
Without a rivall shine, whilst he forbeares
To mingle his unequall beames with hers;
Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
Betweene the parting cloudes, 'tis but to spye,
Not emulate her glories; so comes drest
In vayles, but as a masquer to the feast.

Thus heaven should lower, such stormy gusts should
blow,
Not to denounce ungentle fates, but show
The cheerefull bridegroome to the clouds and wind
Hath all his teares and all his sighes assign'd.
Let tempests struggle in the ayre, but rest
Eternall calmes within thy peacefull brest,
Thrice happy youth; but ever sacrifice
To that fayre hand that dry'de thy blubbred eyes,
That croun'd thy head with roses, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordiall,
When first it joyn'd her virgin snow to thine,
Which when to-day the priest shall recombine,
From the misterious holy touch such charmes
Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed armes,
And open a free passage to that fruit
Which thou hast toyl'd for with a long pursuit.
But ere thou feed, that thou may'st better taste
Thy present joyes, thinke on thy torments past;
Thinke on the mercy freed thee; thinke upon
Her vertues, graces, beauties, one by one;
So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
Delights of her faire body and pure soule.
Then boldly to the fight of love proceed,
'Tis mercy not to pitty though she bleed;
Wee'le strew no nuts, but change that ancient forme,
For till to-morrow wee'le prorogue this storme,
Which shall contound, with its loude whistling noyse,
Her pleasing shreekes, and fan thy panting joyes.

FOR A PICTURE, WHERE A QUEEN LAMENTS OVER THE TOMBE OF A SLAINE KNIGHT.

Brave youth, to whom Fate in one hower
Gave death and conquest, by whose power
Those chaines about my heart are wound,
With which the foe my kingdome bound,
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either act an offering;
For victory, this wreathe of bay;
In signe of thraldome, downe I lay
Scepter and crowne; take from my sight
Those royall robes, since fortune's spight
Forbids me live thy vertue's prize,
I'le dye thy valour's sacrifice.

TO A LADY THAT DESIRED I WOULD LOVE HER.

1.

Now you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you doe?
Shall I your mirth or passion move
When I begin to wooe?
Will you torment, or scorne, or love me too?

2.

Each pettie beautie can disdaine, and I,
Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see, and die;
Dispence a nobler fate;
'Tis easie to destroy, you may create.

3.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too,
Not with designe
To rayse, as Love's curst rebells doe,
When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beautie from their blubber'd eyne.

4.

Griefe is a puddle, and reflects not cleare
Your beautie's rayes;
Joyes are pure streames; your eyes appeare
Sullen in sadder layes,
In chearfull numbers they shine bright with prayse.

5.

Which shall not mention, to expresse you fayre,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Stormes in your brow, nets in your haire,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray, or torture captive hearts.

6.

I'le make your eyes like morning suns appeare,
As milde and faire,
Your brow as crystall smooth and cleare,
And your dishevell'd hayre
Shall flow like a calme region of the ayre.

7.

Rich Nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)
I'le spend to dresse
Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure,
In equall thankfulnesse,
You but unlocke, so we each other blesse.

UPON MY LORD CHIEFE JUSTICE HIS ELECTION OF MY LADY A. W. FOR HIS MISTRESSE.

1.

HEARE this, and tremble all
Usurping beauties, that create
A government tyrannicall
In Love's free state:
Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equall ballance joyn'd, his sage head lyes
In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

2.

Harke how the sterne law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No fetters, but of silken wreathes
And braded hayres;
His dreadfull rods and axes are exil'd,
Whilst he sits crown'd with roses, Love hath fil'de
His native roughnesse, Justice is growne milde.

3.

The golden age returnes,
Love's bowe and quiver uselesse lye,
His shaft, his brand, nor wounds, nor burnes,
And crueltie
Is sunke to hell; the fayre shall all be kind;
Who loves shall be belov'd, the froward mind
To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

4.

Astræa hath possest
An earthly seate, and now remaines
In Finche's heart, but Wentworth's brest
That guest containes;
With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
Nor lost her spheare; for, new-enthron'd, she cryes
I know no heaven but fayre Wentworth's eyes.

TO A. D., UNREASONABLE DISTRUSTFULL OF HER OWNE BEAUTY.

Fayre Doris, breake thy glasse; it hath perplext,
With a darke comment, beautie's clearest text;
It hath not told thy face's story true,
But brought false copies to thy jealous view.
No colour, feature, lovely ayre, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou maist reade in thine, or justly doubt
Thy glasse hath beene suborn'd to leave it out;
But if it offer to thy nice survey
A spot, a staine, a blemish, or decay,
It not belongs to thee—the treacherous light,
Or faithlesse stone, abuse thy credulous sight.
Perhaps the magique of thy face hath wrought
Upon th' enchanted crystall, and so brought
Fantasticke shadowes to delude thine eyes
With ayrie repercussive sorceries;
Or else th' enamoured image pines away
For love of the fayre object, and so may
Waxe pale and wan, and though the substance grow
Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe;
Give then no faith to the false specular stone,
But let thy beauties by th' effects be knowne.
Looke, sweetest Doris, on my love-sick heart,
In that true mirrour see how fayre thou art;
There, by Love's never-erring pensill drawne,
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawne,

Shoot through the shadie covert of thy hayre,
Enameling, and perfuming the calme ayre
With pearles and roses, till thy suns display
Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day;
Whilst Delfique priests, enlightned by their theame,
In amorous numbers count thy golden beame,
And from Love's altars cloudes of sighes arise
In smoaking incence to adore thine eyes.
If then love flow from beautie as th' effect,
How canst thou the resistlesse cause suspect?
Who would not brand that foole, that should contend
There was no fire, where smoke and flames ascend?
Distrust is worse than scorne, not to beleeve
My harmes, is greater wrong than not to grieve;
What cure can for my festring sore be found,
Whilst thou beleev'st thy beautie cannot wound?
Such humble thoughts more cruell tyrants prove
Than all the pride that e're usurp'd in love,
For Beautie's herald here denounceth war,
There are false spies betray me to a snare.
If fire, disguis'd in balls of snow, were hurl'd,
It unsuspected might consume the world;
Where our prevention ends, danger begins,
So wolves in sheepes', lyons in asses' skins,
Might farre more mischiefe worke, because lesse fear'd;
Those the whole flock, these might kill all the herd.
Appeare then as thou art, break through this cloude,
Confesse thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud;
Be faire, though scornfull; rather let me find
Thee cruell, than thus mild, and more unkind;

Thy crueltie doth only me defie,
But these dull thoughts thee to thy selfe denie.
Whether thou meane to bartar, or bestow
Thy selfe, 'tis fit thou thine owne valew know.
I will not cheate thee of thy selfe, nor pay
Lesse for thee than th' art worth; thou shalt not say
That is but brittle glasse, which I have found
By strict enquirie a firme diamond.
I'le trade with no such Indian foole, as sells
Gold, pearles, and pretious stones, for beads and bells;
Nor will I take a present from your hand,
Which you or prize not, or not understand;
It not endeares your bountie that I doe
Esteeme your gift, unlesse you doe so too;
You undervalew me, when you bestow
On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
In love first with thy selfe, and then with me.
You are afflicted that you are not faire,
And I as much tormented that you are.
What I admire, you scorne; what I love, hate;
Through different faiths, both share an equall fate;
Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick;
I dye a martyr, you an heretique.

TO MY FRIEND G. N. FROM WREST.

I BREATHE, sweet Ghib, the temperate ayre of Wrest,
Where I, no more with raging stormes opprest,

Weare the cold nights out by the bankes of Tweed,
On the bleake mountains, where fierce tempests breed,
And everlasting winter dwells; where milde
Favonius, and the vernall windes exilde,
Did never spread their wings; but the wilde north
Brings sterill fearne, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here, steep'd in balmie dew, the pregnant earth
Sends forth her teeming wombe a flowrie birth,
And, cherisht with the warme sun's quickning heate,
Her porous bosome doth rich odours sweate,
Whose perfumes through the ambient ayre diffuse
Such native aromatiques, as we use
No forraigne gums, nor essence fetcht from farre,
No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but, at Nature's cheape expence,
With farre more genuine sweetes refresh the sense.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties blesse
This mansion with an usefull comelinesse,
Devoide of art, for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or porpherie,
But built a house for hospitalitie;
No sumptuous chimney-peece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertaines his sight, but cleare
And cheerefull flames cherish and warme him here;
No Dorique nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face.
The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seeme in sight;

In stead of statues to adorne their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholsome meates,
The servant, tennant, and kind neighbour eates.
Some of that ranke spun of a finer thred
Are, with the women, steward, and chaplaine, fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coate,
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
A large accesse of friends, to fill those seates
Of his capacious circle, fill'd with meates
Of choycest rellish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
Nor thinke, because our piramids, and high
Exalted turrets, threaten not the skie,
That therefore Wrest of narrownesse complaines,
Or streightned walls, for she more numerous traines
Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with farre more conveniencie dispose
Than prouder piles, where the vaine builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than reall use, which was the sole designe
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
But fit for service. Amalthea's horne
Of plentie is not in effigie worne
Without the gate, but she within the dore
Empties her free and unexhausted store.
Nor, croun'd with wheaten wreathes, doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand;

Nor, on a marble tunne, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd uncizard Bacchus rear'd:
We offer not in emblemes to the eyes,
But to the taste, those usefull deities.
We presse the juycie God, and quaffe his blood,
And grinde the yeallow Goddesse into food.
Yet we decline not all the worke of art;
But where more bounteous Nature beares a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but dispence
Fit matter, she with care and diligence
Employes her skill; for where the neighbour sourse
Powers forth her waters, she directs their course,
And entertaines the flowing streames in deepe
And spacious channells, where they slowly creepe
In snakie windings, as the shelving ground
Leades them in circles, till they twice surround
This island mansion, which i' th' center plac'd,
Is with a double crystall heaven embrac'd,
In which our watery constellations floate,
Our fishes, swans, our water-man and boate,
Envy'd by those above, which wish to slake
Their starre-burnt limbes in our refreshing lake;
But they stick fast nayl'd to the barren spheare,
Whilst our encrease, in fertile waters here,
Disport and wander freely where they please,
Within the circuit of our narrow seas.
With various trees we fringe the water's brinke,
Whose thirstie rootes the soaking moysture drinke;
And whose extended boughes, in equall rankes,
Yeeld fruit, and shade, and beautie to the bankes.

On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddie-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyre sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yeelding there
Sweetes for the smell, sweetes for the palate here.
But did you taste the high and mighty drinke
Which from that fountaine flowes, you'ld cleerly think
The god of wine did his plumpe clusters bring,
And crush the Falerne grape into our spring;
Or else, disguis'd in watery robes, did swim
To Ceres' bed, and make her big of him,
Begetting so himselfe on her; for know
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in autumne, but our fire boyles here
As lustie liquour as the sun makes there.
Thus I enjoy my selfe, and taste the fruit
Of this blest peace; whilst, toyl'd in the pursuit
Of bucks and stags, th' embleme of warre, you strive
To keepe the memory of our armes alive.

A NEW-YEARE'S GIFT.

TO THE KING.

Looke back, old Janus, and survey,
From Time's birth till this new-borne day,
All the successfull season bound
With lawrell wreathes and trophies crown'd;
Turne o're the annals past, and where
Happie auspitious dayes appeare,

Mark'd with the whiter stone, that cast
On the darke brow of th' ages past
A dazeling luster, let them shine
In this succeeding circle's twine,
Till it be round with glories spread;
Then with it crowne our Charles his head,
That we th' ensuing yeare may call
One great continued festivall.
Fresh joyes, in varied formes, apply
To each distinct captivitie.
Season his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugall delights;
May the choyce beauties that enflame
His royall brest be still the same;
And he still thinke them such, since more
Thou canst not give from Nature's store.
Then as a father let him be
With numerous issue blest, and see
The faire and God-like offspring growne
From budding starres to suns full blowne.
Circle with peacefull olive bowes,
And conquering bayes, his regall browes.
Let his strong vertues overcome,
And bring him bloodlesse trophies home;
Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyall hearts, or rebels' heads;
But, Byfront, open thou no more,
In his blest raigne, the temple dore.

14

TO THE QUEENE.

THOU great commandresse, that doest move
Thy scepter o're the crowne of love,
And through his empire, with the awe
Of thy chaste beames, doest give the law;
From his prophaner altars, we
Turne to adore thy deitie:
He only can wilde lust provoke,
Thou those impurer flames canst choke;
And where he scatters looser fires,
Thou turn'st them into chast desires;
His kingdome knowes no rule but this—
Whatever pleaseth, lawfull is;
Thy sacred lore shewes us the path
Of modestie and constant faith,
Which makes the rude male satisfied
With one faire female by his side;
Doth either sex to each unite,
And forme love's pure hermophradite.
To this thy faith behold the wilde
Satyr already reconciled,
Who, from the influence of thine eye,
Hath suckt the deepe divinitie.
O free them then, that they may teach
The centaur, and the horsman preach
To beasts and birds, sweetly to rest,
Each in his proper lare and nest:

They shall convey it to the floud,
Till there thy law be understood:
So shalt thou with thy pregnant fire,
The water, earth, and ayre, inspire.

TO THE NEW YEARE, FOR THE COUNTESSE OF CARLILE.

Give Lucinda pearle nor stone;
Lend them light who else have none;
Let her beauties shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the east,
For the phenix in her brest
Builds his funerall pile and nest.

No tyre thou canst invent,
Shall to grace her forme be sent;
She adornes all ornament.

Give her nothing; but restore
Those sweet smiles which, heretofore,
In her chearfull eyes she wore.

Drive those envious cloudes away,
Vailes that have o're-cast my day,
And ecclips'd her brighter ray.

Let the royall Goth mowe downe
This yeare's harvest with his owne
Sword, and spare Lucinda's frowne.

Janus, if, when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Reade the charter of my grace,

Then from bright Apollo's tree,
Such a garland wreath'd shall be,
As shall crowne both her and thee.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER THOMAS MAY, UPON HIS COMEDIE, THE HEIRE.

THE Heire being borne, was in his tender age
Rockt in the cradle of a private stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairely stand;
Since, having gather'd strength, he dares preferre
His steps into the publike theater,
The world: where he despaires not but to find
A doome from men more able, not lesse kind.
I but his usher am, yet if my word
May passe, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well knowne,
Such as best writers would have wisht their owne.
You shall observe his words in order meet,
And softly stealing on with equall feet

Slide into even numbers, with such grace
As each word had beene moulded for that place.
You shall perceive an amorous passion, spunne
Into so smooth a web, as had the sunne,
When he pursu'd the swiftly flying maid,
Courted her in such language, she had staid;
A love so well exprest, must be the same
The authour felt himselfe from his faire flame.
The whole plot doth alike itselfe disclose
Through the five acts, as doth the locke that goes
With letters, for, till every one be knowne,
The lock's as fast as if you had found none;
And where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chast matrons may not blush to reade.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveale
My want of art, deare friend, than to conceale
My love. It did appeare I did not meane
So to commend thy well wrought comick scene,
As men might judge my aime rather to be
To gaine praise to my selfe, than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none but what thou hast
Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.
Yet was this garment (though I skillesse be
To take thy measure) onely made for thee,
And if it prove too scant, 'tis cause the stuffe
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MASTER GEORGE SANDS, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMES.

I PRESSE not to the quire, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwasht muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
Here humbly at the porch she stayes,
And with glad eares sucks in thy sacred layes.
So, devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without dore, and some beneath the font,
To stand and heare the churche's liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemne exercise:
Sufficeth her that she a lay-place gaine,
To trim thy vestments, or but beare thy traine;
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy larke,
Her lyrick feet may dance before the arke.
Who knowes but that her wandring eyes that run,
Now hunting glow-wormes, may adore the sun;
A pure flame may, shot by almighty power
Into her brest, the earthy flame devoure.
My eyes in penitentiall dew may steepe
That brine which they for sensuall love did weepe;
So, (though 'gainst Nature's course) fire may be quencht
With fire, and water be with water drencht;
Perhaps my restlesse soul, tyr'de with persuit
Of mortall beauty, seeking, without fruit,
Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfi'd, though cloy'd;

Weary of her vaine search below, above,
In the first faire, may find th' immortall love.
Prompted by thy example then, no more
In moulds of clay will I my God adore;
But teare those idols from my heart, and write
What his blest Sprit, not fond love, shall indite;
Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,
But the dry leavelesse trunke on Golgotha;
And rather strive to gaine from thence one thorne,
Than all the flourishing wreathes by laureats worne.

TO MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND, HENRY LORD CARY OF LEPINGTON, UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF MALVEZZI.

My Lord,
In every triviall worke 'tis knowne
Translators must be masters of their owne,
And of their author's language, but your taske
A greater latitude of skill did aske;
For your Malvezzi first requir'd a man
To teach him speak vulgar Italian.
His matter's so sublime, so now his phrase,
So farre above the stile of Bemboe's dayes,
Old Varchie's rules, or what the Crusca yet
For currant Tuscan mintage will admit,
As I beleeve your Marquesse, by a good
Part of his natives, hardly understood.

You must expect no happier fate; 'tis true
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common eares;
He writes, and you translate, both to your peeres.

89. TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, M. D'AVENANT,
UPON HIS EXCELLENT PLAY, THE JUST ITALIAN.

I'LE not mispend in praise the narrow roome
I borrow in this leafe; the garlands bloome
From thine owne seedes, that crowne each glorious page
Of thy triumphant worke; the sullen age
Requires a satyre. What starre guides the soule
Of these our froward times, that dare controule,
Yet dare not learne to judge? When didst thou flie
From hence, cleare, candid Ingenuitie?
I have beheld, when, pearch'd on the smooth brow
Of a faire modest troope, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter workes; but then the weake
Spectator gave the knowing leave to speake.
Now noyse prevailes, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit that with the crie spends not his mouth.
Yet aske him, reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soule with scorne and pity. Marke the places
Provoke their smiles, frownes, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head,—they'le be
A scene of myrth, a double comedie.

But thy strong fancies (raptures of the braine,
Drest in poetique flames,) they entertaine
As a bold, impious reach; for they'le still slight
All that exceeds red bull and cockpit flight.
These are the men in crowded heape that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tong
Of th' untun'd kennell can a line repeat
Of serious sence: but like lips, meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
Keepe naturall unstrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Johnson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone;—perhaps the state
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble beene misunderstood.
So was thy play, whose cleere, yet loftie straine,
Wise men, that governe fate, shall entertaine.

TO THE READER
OF MASTER WILLIAM DAVENANT'S PLAY.

It hath been said of old, that playes are feasts,
Poets the cookes, and the spectators guests,
The actors waitors. From this similie
Some have deriv'd an unsafe libertie
To use their judgements as their tastes, which chuse,
Without controule, this dish, and that refuse;

But wit allowes not this large priviledge,
Either you must confesse, or feele it's edge;
Nor shall you make a currant inference
If you transfer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appeare
To every piercing eye, or well-tun'd eare.
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my tast meet;
Both must agree, this meat's or sharpe or sweet:
But if I sent a stench, or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: So you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humerous play,
If, though the kind distaste or please, the good
And bad be by your judgement understood;
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feast my epicurean appetite
With rellishes so curious, as dispence
The utmost pleasure to the ravisht sense,
You should professe that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste, either with sharpe or sweet,
But cry out, 'tis insipid, your bold tongue
May doe it's master, not the author wrong;
For men of better pallat will by it
Take the just elevation of your wit.

TO MY FRIEND, WILL. D'AVENANT.

I CROWDED 'mongst the first, to see the stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,

By thy bright fancie dazled; where each sceane
Wrought like a charme, and forc't the audience leane
To th' passion of thy pen. Thence ladyes went
(Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorne; and courtiers, who by art
Made love before with a converted heart,
To wed those virgins, whom they woo'd t' abuse;
Both rendred Hymen's pros'lits by thy muse.
But others, who were proofe 'gainst love, did sit
To learne the subtle dictats of thy wit;
And as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or bachelor, in comedie.
Wee of th' adult'rate mixture not complaine;
But thence more characters of vertue gaine;
More pregnant patternes of transcendent worth,
Than barren and insipid truth brings forth:
So, oft the bastard nobler fortune meets
Than the dull issue of the lawfull sheets.

THE COMPARISON.

Dearest, thy tresses are not threads of gold,
Thy eyes of diamonds, nor doe I hold
Thy lips for rubies; thy faire cheekes to be
Fresh roses, or thy teeth of Ivorie:
Thy skin that doth thy daintie bodie sheath
Not alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours—those the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which would but impaire thy worth.

Such may be others mistresses, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy tresses are those rayes that doe arise,
Not from one sunne, but two; such are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed nectar are, and such
As, but a deitie, there's none dare touch.
The perfect crimson that thy cheeke doth cloath
(But onely that it farre exceeds them both)
Aurora's blush resembles, or that redd
That Iris struts in when her mantl's spred;
Thy teeth in white doe Leda's swan exceede;
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortall weede;
And thou when breath'st, the winds are readie strait
To filch it from thee, and doe therefore wait
Close at thy lips, and, snatching it from thence,
Beare it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
Faire Goddesse, since thy feature makes thee one,
Yet be not such for these respects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as faire, as good, as true.

THE ENQUIRY.*

Amongst the myrtles as I walk't,
Love and my sighes thus intertalk't:
Tell me (said I in deepe distresse)
Where may I find my shepheardesse?

* Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, attributes *The Enquiry* to Herrick.

Thou fool, (said love,) knowst thou not this?
In every thing that's good shee is;
In yonder tulip goe and seeke,
There thou maist find her lip, her cheeke.

In yon ennammel'd pansie by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;
In bloome of peach, in rosie bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

In brightest lillies that there stands,
The emblems of her whiter hands;
In yonder rising hill there smells
Such sweets as in her bosomé dwells.

'Tis true, (said I,) and thereupon
I went to plucke them one by one,
To make of parts a union,
But on a suddaine all was gone.

With that I stopt. Said love, these be,
(Fond man,) resemblances of thee;
And as these flowres, thy joyes shall die,
Even in the twinkling of an eye,
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together.

THE SPARKE.

My first love, whom all beauties did adorne,
Firing my heart, supprest it with her scorne;
Sun-like to tinder in my brest it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
And that is free to all that was entire:
Desiring more, by thee (desire) I lost,
As those that in consumptions hunger most;
And now my wandring thoughts are not confind
Unto one woman, but to woman kinde.
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture, or some other grace;
And where I none of these doe use to find,
I choose thereby the kernell, not the rynd:
And so I hope, since my first hopes are gone,
To find in many what I lost in one,
And like to merchants after some great losse,
Trade by retaile, that cannot now ingrosse:
The fault is hers that made me goe astray,—
He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
Guiltless I am,—shee did this change provoke,
And made that charcoale which to her was oake;
And as a looking glasse from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crack't, or broken, there are showne
Many half faces, which at first were one;

So love unto my heart did first proffer
Her image, and there planted none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martird by her scorne,
Many lesse faces in her face are borne;
Thus, like to tynder, am I prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

THE COMPLEMENT.

O MY deerest, I shall grieve thee
When I sweare, yet, sweete, beleeve me:
By thine eyes, the tempting booke
On which even crabbed old men looke,
I sweare to thee, (though none abhorre them,)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that faire,
Rich fanne of thy most curious haire,
Though the wires thereof be drawne
Finer than the threeds of lawne,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I doe not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks, (love's bowers,)
Though, such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them whit and red;
Love's golden arrowes thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft,
Red corrall lips I've kist so oft;
Nor teeth of pearle, the double guard
To speech, whence musicke still is heard;
Though from those lips a kisse being taken,
Might tyrants melt and death awaken.

I doe not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy round head, that globe of wonder;
Though that necke be whiter farre
Than towers of pollisht ivory are.

I doe not love thee for those mountaines
Hill'd with snow, whence milkey fountaines,
(Suger'd sweets, as sirropt berries,)
Must one day run through pipes of cherries:
O how much those breasts doe move me!
Yet for them I doe not love thee.

I doe not love thee for that belly,
Sleeke as satten, soft as jelly,
Though within that christall round,
Heapes of treasure might be found,
So rich, that for the best of them,
A king might leave his diadem.

I doe not love thee for those thighes,
Whose alabaster rocks doe rise

So high and even, that they stand
Like sea-markes to some happy land.
Happy are those eyes have seene them,
More happy they that saile betweene them.

I love thee not for thy moist palme,
Though the dew thereof be balme;
Nor for thy pretty legge and foote,
Although it be the precious roote
On which this goodly cedar growes,
Sweete, I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit, though pure and quicke,
Whose substance no arithmeticke
Can number downe; nor for those charmes
Mask't in thy embracing armes;
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest I would gladly die.

I love not for those eyes, nor haire,
Nor cheekes, nor lips, nor teeth so rare,
Nor for thy speech, thy necke, nor breast,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest,
Nor for thy hand, nor foote so small;
But, wouldst thou know, deere sweet,—for all.

ON SIGHT OF A GENTLEWOMAN'S FACE IN THE WATER.

STAND still, you floods, doe not deface
That image which you beare;
So votaries from every place
To you shall alters reare.

No winds but lovers' sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streames,
On which no starre from any spheare
Did ever dart such beames.

To christall then in hast congeale,
Least you should loose your blisse;
And to my cruell faire reveale,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious nymphes shall feare
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to teare
That face which you adorn'd;

Then rage and foame amaine, that we
Their malice may despise;
When from your froath we soone shall see
A second Venus rise.

A SONG.

Aske me no more where Jove bestowes,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beautie's orient deepe,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleepe.

Aske me no more whether doth stray
The golden atomes of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to inrich your haire.

Aske me no more whether doth hast
The nightingale when May is past;
For, in your sweet dividing throat,
She winters and keepes warme her note.

Aske me no more where those starres light,
That downewards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Aske me no more if east or west
The Phenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last shee flies,
And in your fragrant bosome dyes.

SONG.

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the downe, or aire,
Nor to starres to shew what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white:

Nor, if you would musique heare,
Call the orbes to take your eare;
Nor, to please your sence, bring forth
Bruised Nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac't,
Bring you Nectar for a tast:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistris, and 'tis done.

THE SECOND RAPTURE.

No, worldling, no, 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
Children, or friends, nor a good wife,
That makes thee happy; these things be
But shaddowes of felicitie.
Give me a wench about thirteene,
Already voted to the Queene

Of lust and lovers; whose soft haire,
Fann'd with the breath of gentle aire,
O'respreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her vaile and ornament;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good;
Whose kisses, fastned to the mouth
Of threescore yeares and longer slouth,
Renew the age, and whose bright eye
Obscures those lesser lights of skie;
Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
That snow, that never melts at all)
Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
In spite of Junoe's jealousies;
Whose every part doth re-invite
The old decayed appetite;
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt myselfe to lust, and die.
This is true blisse, and I confesse
There is no other happinesse.

THE HUE AND CRY.

In Love's name you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy hue and crie
After a face which, t'other day,
Stole my wandring heart away.
To direct you, these, in briefe,
Are ready markes to know the thiefe.

Her haire, a net of beames, would prove
Strong enough to captive Jove
In his eagle's shape; her brow
Is a comely field of snow;
Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
Every beame creates a day;
And if she but sleepe (not when
The sun sets) 'tis night agen.
In her cheekes are to be seene
Of flowers both the king and queene,
Thither by the Graces led,
And freshly laid in nuptiall bed;
On whom lips like nymphes doe waite,
Who deplore their virgin state;
Oft they blush, and blush for this,
That they one another kisse;
But observe besides the rest,
You shall know this fellon best
By her tongue, for if your eare
Once a heavenly musicke heare,
Such as neither gods nor men,
But from that voice, shall heare agen—
That, that is she. O strait surprise,
And bring her unto Love's assize.
If you let her goe, she may
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and philosophy controle,
And leave the world without a soule.

TO HIS MISTRIS CONFINED.

SONG.

O THINKE not, Phœbe, 'cause a cloud
Doth now thy silver brightnes shrowd,
My wandring eye
Can stoope to common beauties of the skye.
Rather be kind, and this ecclips
Shall neither hinder eye nor lips,
For wee shall meete
Within our hearts, and kisse, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
Without some living signe of me;
When thou dost spye
A sun beame peepe into the roome, 'tis I;
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see
In what a martyredome I burne for thee.

When thou dost touch thy lute, thou mayest
Thinke on my heart, on which thou plaiest,
When each sad tone
Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groane.
When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble ayres, strucke to the sound
Of thy owne voyce;
O thinke how much I tremble and rejoyce.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy arras wall, but well
Resembles me;
No matter though our age doe not agree,
Love can make old, as well as time;
And he that doth but twenty clime,
If he dare prove
As true as I, shewes fourescore yeares in love.

THE PRIMROSE.

Aske me why I send you here,
This firstling of the infant yeare;
Aske me why I send to you
This Primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I strait will whisper in your eares,
The sweets of love are wash't with teares.

Aske me why this flower doth shew
So yellow, greene, and sickly too;
Aske me why the stalke is weake,
And bending, yet it doth not breake;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and feares are in a lover.*

* Herrick is now generally supposed to have been the author of these beautiful lines, although they first appeared among the poems of Carew.

THE TINDER.

Of what mould did Nature frame me?
Or was it her intent to shame me,
That no woman can come neere me
Faire, but her I court to heare me?
Sure that mistris, to whose beauty
First I paid a lover's duty,
Burnt in rage my heart to tinder,
That nor prayers nor teares can hinder.
But where ever I doe turne me,
Every sparke let fall doth burne me.
Women, since you thus inflame me,
Flint and steele, I'le ever name yee.

A SONG.

In her faire cheekes two pits doe lye,
To bury those slaine by her eye;
So, spight of death, this comforts me,
That fairely buried I shall be.
My grave with rose and lilly spread,
O 'tis a life to be so dead.
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips againe,
Reviving what those eyes have slaine,
With kisses sweet, whose balsome pure,
Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure,
Me thinkes 'tis sickenes to be sound,
And there's no health to such a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold
Those downy mounts of snow ne're cold,
And those blest hearts her beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climing those faire hills,
Mee thinkes there's life in such a death,
And so t' expire inspires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymphe, since no death is deadly where
Such choice of antidotes are neere,
And your keene eyes but kill in vaine,
Those that are sound, as soone as slaine;
That I no longer dead survive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In Cupid's cave, where happy I
May dying live, and living die.
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For, if thou let me live, I die.

THE CARVER.

TO HIS MISTRIS.

A CARVER, having lov'd too long in vaine,
  Hewd out the portraiture of Venus' sunne
In marble rocke, upon the which did raine
  Small drisling drops that from a fount did runne;
Imagining the drops would either weare
  His fury out, or quench his living flame:
But when hee saw it bootlesse did appeare,
  He swore the water did augment the same.
So I, that seeke in verse to carve thee out,
  Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
Viewing my lines impolish't all throughout,
  Find my will rather to my love obey;
That with the carver I my work doe blame,
  Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

TO THE PAINTER.

FOND man, that hop'st to catch that face
With those false colours, whose short grace
Serves but to shew the lookers on
The faults of thy presumption;
Or at the least to let us see
That is divine, but yet not shee:

Say you could imitate the rayes
Of those eyes that outshine the dayes,
Or counterfeite, in red and white,
That most uncounterfeited light
Of her complexion; yet canst thou
(Great master though thou be) tell how
To paint a vertue? Then desist,
This faire your artifice hath mist;
You should have markt how shee begins,
To grow in vertue, not in sinnes;
In stead of that same rosie die,
You should have drawne out modestie,
Whose beauty sits enthroned there,
And learne to looke and blush at her.
Or can you colour just the same,
When vertue blushes, or when shame,
When sicknes, and when innocence,
Shewes pale or white unto the sence?
Can such course varnish ere be sed
To imitate her white and red?
This may doe well elsewhere in Spaine,
Among those faces died in graine;
So you may thrive, and what you doe
Prove the best picture of the two.
Besides, if all I heare be true,
'Tis taken ill by some that you
Should be so insolently vaine,
As to contrive all that rich gaine
Into one tablet, which alone
May teach us superstition;

Instructing our amazed eyes
To admire and worship imag'ries,
Such as quickly might outshine
Some new saint, wer't allow'd a shrine,
And turne each wandring looker on
Into a new Pigmaleon.
Yet your art cannot equalize
This picture in her lover's eyes;
His eyes the pencills are which limbe
Her truly, as hers coppy him;
His heart the tablet, which alone
Is for that porctraite the tru'st stone.
If you would a truer see,
Marke it in their posteritie;
And you shall read it truly there,
When the glad world shall see their heire.

LOVE'S COURTSHIP.

Kisse, lovely Celia, and be kind;
Let my desires freedome find;
Sit thee downe,
And we will make the gods confesse
Mortals enjoy some happines.

Mars would disdaine his mistris' charmes,
If he beheld thee in my armes,
And descend,
Thee his mortall Queene to make,
Or live as mortall for thy sake.

Venus must loose her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;
Silly Queene,
Shee hath but one, but I can spie
Ten thousand Cupids in thy eye.

Nor may the sunne behold our blisse,
For sure thy eyes doe dazle his;
If thou feare
That he'll betray thee with his light—
Let me ecclipse thee from his sight;

And while I shade thee from his eye,
Oh let me heare thee gently cry,
Celia yeelds.
Maids often loose their maidenhead,
Ere they set foote in nuptiall bed.

ON A DAMASKE ROSE STICKING UPON A LADIE'S BREAST.

Let pride grow big, my rose, and let the cleare
And damaske colour of thy leaves appeare;
Let scent and lookes be sweete, and blesse that hand
That did transplant thee to that sacred land.
O happy thou that in that garden rests,
That paradice betweene that ladie's breasts;
There's an eternall spring; there shalt thou lie,
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die;

There shalt thou spring amongst the fertile valleyes,
By budds like thee that grow in midst of allyes;
There none dare plucke thee, for that place is such,
That, but a good devine, there's none dare touch;
If any but approach, straite doth arise
A blushing lightning flash, and blasts his eyes.
There, 'stead of raine, shall living fountaines flow;
For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as earst, one sun shall on thee shine,
But those two glorious suns, her eyes devine.
O then what monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his regall throne to have thy place?
My selfe, to gaine thy blessed seat, do vow,
Would be transform'd into a rose as thou.

THE PROTESTATION, A SONNET.

No more shall meads be deck't with flowers,
Nor sweetnesse dwell in rosie bowers,
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,
Nor Aprill violets paint the grove,
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burne,
And fountaines sweet shall bitter turne;
The humble oake no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'reflow.
Blacke Læthe shall oblivion leave,
If ere my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to flie;
The Sun refuse to shew his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night;
And in that night no starre appeare,
If once I leave my Celia deere.

Love shall no more inhabite earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth,
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor paine torment poore soules in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If ere I leave bright Celia's love.

THE TOOTH-ACH CURED BY A KISSE.

Fate's now growne mercifull to men,
Turning disease to blisse;
For had not kind rheume vext me then,
I might not Celia kisse.
Phisitians, you are now my scorne,
For I have found a way
To cure diseases, (when forlorne
By your dull art,) which may
Patch up a body for a time,
But can restore to health
No more than chimists can sublime
True gold, the Indies' wealth.

That angell sure, that us'd to move
The poole, men so admir'd,
Hath to her lip, the seat of love,
As to his heaven, retir'd.

TO HIS JEALOUS MISTRIS.

ADMIT, thou darling of mine eyes,
I have some idoll lately fram'd,
That, under such a false disguise,
Our true loves might the lesse be fam'd.
Canst thou, that knowest my heart, suppose
I'le fall from thee, and worship those?

Remember, deare, how loath and slow
I was to cast a looke or smile,
Or one love-line to misbestow,
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and stile;
And art thou growne afraid to see
That maske put on thou mad'st for me.

I dare not call those childish feares,
Comming from love, much lesse from thee,
But wash away, with frequent teares,
This counterfeit idolatrie;
And henceforth kneele at ne're a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

THE DART.

Oft when I looke I may descry
A little face peepe through that eye;
Sure that's the boy which wisely chose
His throne among such beames as those,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withall.

THE MISTAKE.

When on faire Celia I did spie
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
Sure this heart was my owne.

But when I saw it was enthron'd
In her celestiall brest,
O then I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne're so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens doe shine
Each constant martyr's heart,
Then shee may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart.

Where, seated in so high a blisse,
  Though wounded, it shall live;
Death enters not in Paradise,
  The place free life doth give.

Or if the place lesse sacred were,
  Did but her saving eye
Bath my sicke heart in one kind teare,
  Then should I never dye.

Slight balmes may heale a slighter sore,
  No medicine lesse divine,
Can ever hope for to restore
  A wounded heart like mine.

END OF CAREW'S POEMS.

Cœlum Brittanicum.

A

MASQVE AT WHITE-HALL IN the Banquetting house,

on *Shrove-Tuesday-night*,
the 18. of *February*,
1633.

The Inventors.

Tho: Carew. *Jnigo Jones.*

Non habet ingenium ; Cæsar *sed jussit : habebo.*
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat ?

LONDON,
Printed by *I. D.* for *Thomas Walkley.*
1640.

THE

DESCRIPTION

OF

THE SCÆNE.

THE first thing that presented itselfe to the sight, was a rich ornament that enclosed the scæne; in the upper part of which were great branches of foliage, growing out of leaves and huskes, with a coronice at the top; and in the midst was placed a large compartiment, composed of groteske worke, wherein were harpies, with wings and lyons clawes, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches: over all was a broken frontispice, wrought with scrowles and masque heads of children; and within this a table, adorn'd with a lesser compartiment, with this inscription, COELUM BRITTANICUM. The two sides of this ornament were thus ordered:—First, from the ground arose a square basement, and on the plinth stood a great vaze of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with sculptures of great releine, with frutages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this

sate two youths naked, in their naturall colours; each of these with one arme supported the vaze, on the cover of which stood two young women in draperies, arme in arme, the one figuring the glory of princes, and the other mansuetude; their other armes bore up an ovall, in which, to the king's majesty, was this imprese,—a lyon with an imperiall crowne on his head; the word, *Animum sub pectore forti.* On the other side was the like composition, but the designe of the figures varied; and in the oval on the top, being borne up by nobility and fecundity, was this imprese to the queen's majesty,—a lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser lillies springing out of the stemme; the word, *Semper inclita virtus.* All this ornament was heightned with gold, and for the invention, and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath beene done in this place.

The curtaine was watchet, and a pale yellow in paines, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the scæne, representing old arches, old palaces, decayed wals, parts of temples, theaters, basilicas, and thermes, with confused heaps of broken columnes, bases, coronices, and statues, lying as under ground, and altogether resembling the ruines of some great citie of the ancient Romans, or civiliz'd Brittaines. This strange prospect detayn'd the eyes of the spectators sometime, when, to a loud musick, Mercury descends; on the upper part of his chariot stands a cocke, in action of crowing; his habit was a coat of flame colour girt to

him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver; upon his head a wreath, with small fals of white feathers, a caduseus in his hand, and wings at his heeles. Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the state.

Mercury.

From the high senate of the gods, to you
Bright glorious twins of love and majesty,
Before whose throne three warlike nations bend
Their willing knees, on whose imperiall browes
The regall circle prints no awfull frownes
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerefull loyall reverence,
Come my Cyllenius, Jove's ambassadour;
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love, into the glowing eare
Of some choyce beauty in this numerous traine;
Those dayes are fled, the rebell flame is quench'd
In heavenly brests; the gods have sworne by Styx,
Never to tempt yeelding mortality
To loose embraces. Your exemplar life
Hath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
Of imitation through your vertuous court,
By whose bright blaze your pallace is become
The envy'd patterne of this under world,
But the aspiring flame hath kindled heaven;
Th' immortall bosomes burne with emulous fires,
Jove rivals your great vertues, royall sir,

And Juno, madam, your attractive graces;
He his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
She layes aside, and through th' Olympique hall,
As yours doth here, their great example spreads.
And though of old, when youthfull blood conspir d
With his new empire, prone to heats of lust,
He acted incests, rapes, adulteries,
On earthly beauties, which his raging queene,
Swolne with revengefull fury, turn'd to beasts,
And in despight he transform'd to stars,
Till he had fill'd the crowded firmament
With his loose strumpets, and their spurious race,
Where the eternall records of his shame
Shine to the world in flaming characters;
When in the chrystall myrrour of your reigne
He view'd himselfe, he found his loathsome staines;
And now, to expiate the infectious guilt
Of those detested luxuries, hee'll chace
Th' infamous lights from their usurped sheare,
And drowne in the Lethæan flood, their curs'd
Both names and memories. In whose vacant rooms
First you succeed, and of the wheeling orbe
In the most eminent and conspicuous point,
With dazzling beames and spreading magnitude,
Shine the bright Pole starre of this hemispheare;
Next, by your side, in a triumphant chaire,
And crown'd with Ariadne's diadem,
Sits the faire consort of your heart and throne;
Diffus'd about you, with that share of light
As they of vertue have deriv'd from you,

Hee'll fix this noble traine, of either sexe;
So to the Brittish stars this lower globe
Shall owe its light, and they alone dispence
To th' world a pure refined influence.

Enter *Momus*, attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought over with ponyards, serpents' tongues, eyes, and eares; his beard and haire party coloured, and upon his head a wreath stucke with feathers, and a porcupine in the forepart.

Momus.

By your leave, mortals, gooden cozen Hermes, your pardon good my lord ambassadour, I found the tables of your armes and titles in every inne betwixt this and Olympus, where your present expedition is registred your nine thousandth nine hundred ninety-ninth legation. I cannot reach the policy why your master breeds so few statesmen; it suits not with his dignity that in the whole empyræum there should not bee a god fit to send on these honourable errands but yourselfe, who are not yet so carefull of his honour or your owne, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant; the hosts upon the highway cry out with open mouth upon you for supporting pilfery in your traine; which, though as you are the god of petty larcinry, you might protect, yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and opposes the reformation in diameter.

Merc. Peace, rayler, bridle your licentious tongue,
And let this presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it if it can; in the meane time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay people, that though your poets, who enjoy by patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the deities from Twelf Night till Shrove Tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar entercourse betweene the two courts, have as yet never invited me to these solemnities; yet it shall appeare by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is Momus-ap-Somnus-ap-Erebus-ap-Chaos-ap-Demorgorgon-ap-Eternity. My offices and title are, the supreme theomastix, hupercrittique of manners, protonotarie of abuses, arch-informer, dilator-generall, universall calumniator, eternall plaintiffe, and perpetuall foreman of the grand inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings, behind hangings, doores, curtaines, through key-holes, chinkes, windowes, about all veneriall lobbies, skonces, or redoubts, though it be to the surprize of a perdu page or chambermaid, in, and at all courts of civill and criminall judicature, all counsels, consultations, and parlamentary assemblies, where, though I am but a woolsack god, and have no vote in the sanction of new lawes, I have yet a prærogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the

behoofe, or prejudice, of Jupiter his crowne and dignity, for, or against the rights of either house of patrician or plebeian gods. My naturall qualities are to make Jove frowne, Juno powt, Mars chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturn quake, Cynthia pale, Phœbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heeles. My recreations are witty mischiefes, as when Saturne guelt his father; the smith caught his wife and her bravo in a net of cobweb-iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the halfpace, presented the embleme of the forked tree, and discover'd to the tann'd Ethiops the snowie cliffs of Calabria, with the grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me by the familiar illustration of a bird of mine owne feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduc'd all the scepters and myters of that age tributary to his wit, was my parallel; and Frank Rablais suck'd much of my milke too; but your moderne French hospitall of oratory is a meere counterfeit, an arrant mountebanke; for, though fearing no other fortunes than his Sciatica, hee discourse of kings and queenes with as little reverence as of groomes and chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and scorpions tayle; I meane that fellow, who, to adde to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tiptoes like a dog in a doublet, than to walke like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more, impertinent trifeler! you disturbe
The great affaire with your rude scurrilous chat:

What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concerne Jove's solemne message?

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especiall commission of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his exchequer, yet, as a freeborne god, I have the liberty to travell at mine owne charges, without your passe or countenance legacine; and that it may appeare a sedulous acute observer, may know as much as a dull flegmatique ambassadour, and weares a treble key to unlocke the mysterious cyphers of your darke secrecies, I will discourse the politique state of heaven to this trimme audience.

At this the scæne changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a spheare, with stars placed in their severall images, borne up by a huge naked figure (onely a peece of drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards, as if the great weight lying on his shoulders opprest him; upon his head a crowne; by all which hee might easily bee knowne to be Atlas.

You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what vertuous presidents extant (as they say) here in this court, but as I more probably ghesse, out of the consideration of the decay of his naturall abilities, hath before a frequent convocation of the superlunary peeres in a solemne oration recanted, disclaymed, and utterly renounced all the

lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on Juno's breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd booke, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets, and hath with patheticall remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoyned, a respective conformity in the severall subordinate deities; and because the libertines of antiquity, the ribald poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their tryumphs over chastity to all future imitation, have in their immortall songs celebrated the martyrdome of those strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards; it is therefore, by the authority aforesaid, enacted, that this whole army of constellations be immediately disbanded and casheered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the cœlestiall spirits, and all lustfull influences upon terrestriall bodies; and, consequently, that there be an inquisition erected to expunge in the ancient, and suppresse in the moderne and succeeding poems and pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinences, and punish them in their high commission court. Am not I in election to be a tal statesman, think you, that can repeat a passage at a counsell-table thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vaine the importunity
With which this snarler vexeth all the gods;
Jove cannot scape him.—Well, what else from heaven?

Mom. Heaven!—Heaven is no more the place it was: a cloyster of Carthusians, a monastery of converted gods; Jove is growne old and fearefull, apprehends a subversion of his empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legall succession in the legetimate heire, by repossessing the Titanian line, and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the presence chamber by the Vi-President of Parnassus, too strict to be observed long: monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the nectar brewers, for the purging of the heavenly beverage of a narcotique weed, which hath rendred the idæaes confus'd in the divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturne's reigne. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repayre of families to the metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of solliciting businesses in their owne persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all tavernes to be shut, and no liquor drawne after tenne at night. Cupid must goe no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoyned to make him breeches, though of his mother's petticotes. Ganimede is forbidden the bedchamber, and must only minister in publique. The gods must keep no pages, nor groomes of their chamber, under the age of 25, and those provided of a competent stocke of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor

Proteus juggle, but by especiall permission. Vulcan was brought to an Oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of iron into one of the Sunne's chariot-wheeles, and frost-nailing his horses, upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penall statute prohibiting worke upon holi-dayes, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy. In briefe, the whole state of the hierarchy suffers a totall reformation, especially in the poynt of reciprocation of conjugall affection. Venus hath confest all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her husband, who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allowes those levities as an equall counterpoize; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowie fingers combing his sooty beard. Jupiter, too, beginnes to learne to lead his owne wife; I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universall obedience, where the lawgiver himselfe in his owne person observes his degrees so punctually, who, besides to eternize the memory of that great example of matrimoniall union which he derives from hence, hath, on his bed-chamber door and seeling, fretted with starres in capitall letters, engraven the inscription of CARLO MARIA. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without state-formality, politique inferences, or suspected rhetoricall elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexteriously proceed to the second part of

your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the embers, or reducing the etheriall lights to their primitive opacity, and grosse darke subsistance; they are all unrivited from the spheare, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your caduce, and immediately they re-invest their pristine shapes, and appeare before you in their owne naturall deformities.

Merc. Momus, thou shalt prevaile, for since thy bold
Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,
I must obey necessity, and thus turne
My face, to breath the thunder's just decree
'Gainst this adulterate spheare, which first I purge
Of loathsome monsters, and mis-shapen formes:
Downe from her azure concave, thus I charme
The Lyrnean hydra, the rough unlick'd beare,
The watchfull dragon, the storme-boading whale,
The centaure, the horn'd goatfish capricorne,
The snake-head gorgon, and fierce sagittar.
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,
Fall from the circling orbe, and e're you sucke
Fresh venome in, measure this happy earth;
Then to the fens, caves, forrests, desarts, seas,
Fly, and resume your native qualities.

They dance in those monstrous shapes, the first antimaske of natural deformity.

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim play-

fellowes for the Deities? Yet these and their fellowes have made up all our conversation for some thousands of yeares. Doe not you faire ladies acknowledge yourselves deeply engaged now to those poets your servants, that, in the height of commendation, have rais'd your beauties to a parallell with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that these heavenly mansions are to be voyd, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since vertue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there be a lady not competently stock'd that way, shee shall not on the instant utterly despaire, if shee carry a sufficient pawn of handsomenesse; for however the letter of the law runs, Jupiter, notwithstanding his age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it currant with his owne impression; but to such as are destitute of both, I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed, cozen Mercury; what followes?

Merc. Look up, and marke where the bright zodiack
Hangs like a belt about the brest of heaven;
On the right shoulder, like a flaming jewell,
His shell, with nine rich topazes adorn'd,
Lord of this tropique, sits the skalding crab:
He, when the sunne gallops in full careere
His annuall race, his gastly clawes uprear'd,

Frights at the confines of the torrid zone,
The fiery teame, and proudly stops their course,
Making a solstice, till the fierce steeds learne
His backward paces, and so retrograde
Poste downe-hill to th' opposed Capricorne.
Thus I depose him from his laughty throne;
" Drop from the sky into the briny flood,
" There teach thy motion to the ebbing sea;
" But let those fires that beautifi'd thy shell
" Take humane shapes, and the disorder shew
" Of thy regressive paces here below."

The second antimasque is danc'd in retrograde paces, expressing obliquity in motion.

Mom. This crab, I confesse, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infests the earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer arts and sciences, as they have not beene observed for many ages to have made any sensible advance. Could you but lead the learned squadrons with a masculine resolution past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with altars; but that not being the worke of this night, you may pursue your purposes: what now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that unbodied, in the appetite
Erects his throne, hath yet, in bestiall shapes,
Branded by Nature with the character

And distinct stampe of some peculiar ill,
Mounted the sky, and fix'd his trophies there:
As fawning flattery in the little dog;
I' th' bigger, churlish murmur; cowardize
I' th' timorous hare; ambition in the eagle;
Rapine and avarice in th' adventurous ship,
That sayl'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken distemper in the goblet flowes;
I' th' dart and scorpion, biting calumny;
In Hercules and the lyon, furious rage;
Vaine ostentation in Cassiope:
All these I to eternall exile doome,
But to this place their emblem'd vices summon,
Clad in those proper figures, by which best
Their incorporeall nature is exprest.

The third antimasque is danc'd of these severall vices, expressing the deviation from vertue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the proverbe, when you would expresse a riotous assembly, That hell, but heaven, is broke loose. This was an arrant goale-delivery; all the prisons of your great cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter; but, cozen Cylleneus, in my judgement, it is not safe that these infectious persons should wander here, to the hazard of this iland; they threatned less danger when they were nayl'd to the firmament: I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of a tall vessell of their owne, ready rigg'd, to

embarque them all together in that good ship called the Argo, and send them to the plantation in New England, which hath purg'd more virulent humours from the politique body, than Guacum and all the West-Indian drugs have from the naturall bodies of this kingdome. Can you devise how to dispose them better?

Merc. They cannot breath this pure and temperate ayre,
Where vertue lives; but will, with hasty flight,
'Mongst fogs and vapours, seeke unsound abodes.
Fly after them, from your usurped seats,
You foule remainders of that viporous brood:
Let not a starre of luxurious race
With his loose blaze staine the skye's chrystall face.

All the starres are quench'd, and the spheare darkened.

Before the entry of every antimasque, the starres in those figures in the spheare which they were to represent, were extinct; so as, by the end of the antimasques in the spheare, no more stars were seene.

Mom. Here is a totall ecclipse of the eighth spheare, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tico, were aware of; but yet, in my opinion, there were some innocent, and some generous constellations, that might

have beene reserved for noble uses; as the skales and sword to adorne the statue of Justice, since she resides here on earth onely in picture and effigie. The eagle had beene a fit present for the Germans, in regard their bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The dolphin, too, had beene most welcome to the French; and then, had you but clapt Perseus on his Pegasus, brandishing his sword, the dragon yawning on his backe under the horse's feet, with Python's dart through his throat, there had beene a divine St George for this nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it now rests onely that wee provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaime a free election.

O yes, O yes, O yes,
By the Father of the gods,
and the King of men.

Whereas wee having observed a very commendable practise taken into frequent use by the princes of these latter ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battels, victories, in picture, sculpture, tapistry, embroyderies, and other manifactures, wherewith they have embellished their publicke palaces, and taken into our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas hanging of the guard-chamber of this court, wherein the navall victory of 88. is, to the eternall glory of this nation, exactly delineated; and whereas we likewise, out of a

propheticall imitation of this so laudable custome, did, for many thousand yeares before, adorne and beautifie the eighth roome of our cælestiall mansion, commonly called the starre-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, atchievements, feats and defeats, performed in our owne person, whilst yet our standard was erected, and wee a combattant in the amorous warfare:—it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate, held first in our owne inscrutable bosome, and afterwards communicated with our privy councell, seemed meet to our omnipotency, for causes to our selfe best knowne, to unfurnish and dis-array our fore-said starre-chamber of all those ancient constellations which have for so many ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places such persons onely as shall be qualified, with exemplar vertue and eminent desert, there to shine in indelible characters of glory to all posterity. It is therefore our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our owne free and proper motion, meere grace, and speciall favour, by these presents, to specifie and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawfull for any person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or herselfe to bee really endued with any heroicall vertue or transcendent merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their severall pleas and pretences before our right trusty and welbeloved cozen and councellor, Don Mercury and god Momus, &c. our peculiar deligates for that affaire, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude and determine, without

appeale or revocation, accordingly as to their wisedomes it shall in such cases appeare behovefull and expedient. Given at our palace in Olympus the first day of the first moneth, in the first yeare of the reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a buncht backe, and attir'd in a robe of cloath of gold.

Plutus appeares.

Merc. Who's this appeares?

Mom. This is a subterranean fiend—Plutus, in this dialect term'd Riches, or the god of gold; a poyson hid by Providence in the botome of seas, and navill of the earth, from man's discovery; where, if the seeds begunne to sprout above-ground, the excrescence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet at last, by humane curiosity, brought to light, to their owne destruction, this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischiefes that now fill the universe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in justice call me to the place
I now require of right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortall powers;

But to exclude the hope of partiall grace
In all pretenders, who, since I descend
To equall tryall, must, by my example,
Waving your favour, clayme by sole desert.
If Vertue must inherit, shee's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chayne
About the world; shee takes her forme and being
From my creation; and those barren seeds
That drop from heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dewes and fotive heat,
They know no vegetation; but expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or budding, wither:
Should I proclaime the daily sacrifice
Brought to my temples by the toyling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject beasts,
But humane sweat, and blood powr'd on my altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.
Turne but your eyes, and marke the busie world,
Climbing steepe mountaines for the sparkling stone,
Piercing the center for the shining ore,
And th' ocean's bosome to rake pearly sands,
Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones,
'Midst rocks and swallowing gulfes, for gainful trade:
And through opposing swords, fire, murdering canon,
Skaling the walled townes for precious spoyles.
Plant, in the passage to your heavenly seats,
These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
Advance his desperate foot; yet am I sought,
And oft in vaine, through these, and greater hazards:

I could discover how your deities
Are for my sake sleighted, despis'd, abus'd;
Your temples, shrines, altars, and images
Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and disarray'd
By sacrilegious hands; yet is this treasure
To th' golden mountaine, where I sit ador'd,
With superstitious solemne rights convay'd,
And becomes sacred there, the sordid wretch
Not daring touch the consecrated ore,
Or with prophane hands lessen the bright heape;
But this might draw your anger downe on mortals,
For rendring me the homage due to you;
Yet what is said may well expresse my power,
Too great for earth, and only fit for Heaven.
Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,
Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,
Sends forth this precious plant and golden fruit.
You lusty swaines, that to your grazing flocks
Pipe amorous roundelayes; you toyling hinds,
That barbe the fields, and to your merry teames
Whistle your passions; and you mining moles,
That in the bowels of your mother earth
Dwell, the eternall burthen of her wombe,
Cease from your labours, when wealth bids you play,
Sing, dance, and keepe a cheerefull holy-day.

They dance the fourth antimasque, consisting of countrey people, musicke, and measures.

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confesse your
power,
Which feeble vertue seldome can resist;
Stronger than towers of brasse, or chastity;
Jove knew you when he courted Danae,
And Cupid weares you on that arrowe's head,
That still prevailes. But the gods keepe their throne,
To enstall Vertue, not her enemies;
They dread thy force, which even themselves have
felt—
Witnesse Mount Ida, where the martiall maid,
And frowning Juno, did to mortall eyes
Naked, for gold, their sacred bodies show;
Therefore for ever be from heaven banish'd.
But since with toyle from undiscover'd worlds
Thou art brought hither, where thou first didst breath
The thirst of empire into regall brests,
And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek throne,
Filling the world with tumult, blood, and warre;
Follow the camps of the contentious earth,
And be the conqu'rer's slave; but he that can
Or conquer thee, or give thee vertuous stampe,
Shall shine in heaven a pure immortall lampe.

Mom. Nay stay, and take my benediction along with you. I could, being here a co-judge, like others in my place, now that you are condemn'd, either rayle at you, or breake jests upon you; but I rather chuse to loose a word of good counsell, and entreat you to bee more carefull in your choyse of company; for you

are alwayes found either with misers, that not use you at all, or with fooles, that know not how to use you well. Be not hereafter so reserv'd and coy to men of worth and parts, and so you shall gaine such credit, as at the next sessions you may bee heard with better successe. But till you are thus reform'd, I pronounce this positive sentence, That wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall adde no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance, or totall absence, be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemn'd to weare perpetuall motley, unlesse he recant his opinion. Now you may voyd the court.

Pœnia enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her haire started up like a fury; her robe was of a darke colour, full of patches; about one of her hands was tide a chaine of iron, to which was fastned a weighty stone, which shee bore up under her arme.

Pœnia enters.

Merc. What creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other; they move like two buckets, or as two nayles drive out one another. If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt, great and immortal powers,
But that the place your wisedome hath deny'd
My foe, your justice will conferre on me;

Since that which renders him incapable
Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,
Even in these rags, a larger soveraignty
Than gaudy Wealth in all his pompe can boast;
For marke how few they are that share the world;
The numerous armies, and the swarming ants
That fight and toyle for them, are all my subjects,
They take my wages, weare my livery:
Invention too, and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Vertue is my offspring;
As many mischiefes issue from my wombe,
And those as mighty as proceed from gold.
Oft o're his throne I wave my awfull scepter,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When, 'midst his heapes of coyne and hils of gold,
I pine, and starve the avaritious foole.
But I decline those titles, and lay clayme
To heaven by right of divine contemplation;
She is my darling; I, in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, bargaines, accounts,
Leases, rents, stewards, and the feare of theeves,
That vex the rich, nurse her in calme repose,
And with her all the vertues speculative,
Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.
For entertainment of this houre, I'le call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Nature's charge, and not importune heaven
To chayne the winds up, or keepe back the stormes,
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hayle
To thresh the unreap'd eare; but to all weathers,

Both chilling frost and scalding sunne, expose
Their equall face. Come forth, my swarthy traine,
In this faire circle dance, and as you move,
Marke and foretell happy events of love.

They dance the fifth antimasque of gypsies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder, that your perpetuall conversation with poets and philosophers hath furnished you with no more logick, or that you should thinke to impose upon us so grosse an inference, as, because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore whatsoever is denyed of the one must bee true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because hee is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the gods, than to swallow such a fallacie; for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both, and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive: therefore let me advise you to marry your selfe to Content, and beget sage apothegmes, and goodly morall sentences, in disprayse of riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,
To claime a station in the firmament,
Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,
Nurses some lazie or pedantique vertue
In the cheape sunshine, or by shady springs,

With roots and pot-hearbs; where thy right hand,
Tearing those humane passions from the mind,
Upon whose stocks faire blooming vertues flourish,
Degradeth nature, and benummeth sense,
And, gorgon-like, turnes active men to stone.
Wee nòt require the dull society
Of your necessitated temperance,
Or that unnaturall stupidity
That knowes nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Falsly exalted passive fortitude
Above the active. This low abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile minds; but we advance
Such vertues only as admit excesse,
Brave bounteous acts, regall magnificence,
All-seeing prudence, magnanimity
That knowes no bound, and that heroick vertue
For which antiquity hath left no name,
But patternes only, such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus. Backe to thy loath'd cell,
And when thou seest the new enlightned spheare,
Study to know but what those worthies were.

Tiche enters, her head bald behind, and one great locke before; wings at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheele; her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment wrought all over with crownes, scepters, bookes, and such other things as expresse both her greatest and smallest gifts.

Mom. See where Dame Fortune comes; you may know her by her wheele, and that vayle over her eyes, with which she hopes, like a seel'd pigeon, to mount above the clouds, and pearch in the eighth spheare: Listen, she begins.

Fort. I come not here, you gods, to plead the right
By which antiquity assign'd my deitie,
Though no peculiar station 'mongst the stars,
Yet generall power to rule their influence;
Or boast the title of omnipotent,
Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Jove,
Since you have cancell'd all those old records;
But, confident in my good cause and merit,
Claime a succession in the vacant orbe;
For since Astræa fled to heaven, I sit
Her deputy on earth; I hold her skales,
And weigh men's fates out, who have made me blind,
Because themselves want eyes to see my causes,
Call me inconstant, 'cause my workes surpasse
The shallow fathom of their human reason;
Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispence
With my impartiall hands their constant lots;
And if desertlesse, impious men engrosse
My best rewards, the fault is yours, you gods,
That scant your graces to mortality,
And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
One vertuous, for a thousand wicked men.
It is no error to conferre dignity,
But to bestow it on a vicious man;

I gave the dignity, but you made the vice;
Make you men good, and I'le make good men happy.
That Plutus is refus'd, dismayes me not;
He is my drudge, and the externall pompe
In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
Not him; like harmony, that not resides
In strings or notes, but in the hand and voyce,
The revolutions of empires, states,
Scepters, and crownes, are but my game and sport,
Which, as they hang on the events of warre,
So those depend upon my turning wheele.
You warlike squadrons, who, in battels joyn'd,
Dispute the right of kings, which I decide,
Present the modell of that martiall frame,
By which, when crownes are stak'd, I rule the game.

They dance the sixth antimasque, being the representation of a battell.

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore,* for preferring a scandalous cros-bill of recrimination against the gods, but your blindnesse shall excuse you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if vertue were as universall as vice is? It would onely follow, that, as the world now exclaimes upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then raile as fast at you for depressing the vertuous; so they would still keepe their tune, though you chang'd their ditty.

Merc. The mists in which future events are wrap'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that workes, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his enquiring search; so, in the darke,
The groping world first found thy deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which, to the piercing eye of Providence,
Being fix'd and certaine, where past and to come
Are alwayes present, thou dost disappeare,
Losest thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then onely a deluding phantome,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fooles;
Who, would they but survay their mutuall wants,
And helpe each other, there were left no roome
For thy vaine ayd. Wisedome, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power:
Industrious labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toyling car, and not attending
Till thou dispence, reaches his owne reward.
Only the lazie sluggard yawning lyes
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the easie hand that feeds his sloath;
The shallow, rash, and unadvised man,
Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
Of his misguided actions on thy shoulders.
Vanish from hence, and seeke those ideots out
That thy fantasticke god-head hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Hedone, Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold; her temples crown'd with a garland of roses, and over that a rainbow circling her head downe to her shoulders.

Hedone enters.

Merc. What wanton's this?

Mom. This is the sprightly Lady Hedone; a merry gamester this; people call her Pleasure.

Plea. The reasons, equall judges, here alleag'd
By the dismist pretenders, all concurre
To strengthen my just title to the spheare.
Honour, or wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple reall good,
But as they are the meanes to purchase pleasure;
The paths that lead to my delicious palace,
They for my sake, I for mine owne am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is; I am the goale,
The journeye's end, to which the sweating world
And wearied Nature travels. For this, the best
And wisest sect of all philosophers
Made me the seat of supreme happinesse;
And though some, more austere, upon my ruines,
Did, to the prejudice of Nature, raise
Some petty low-built vertues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
Had they beene princes borne, themselves had prov'd

Of all mankind the most luxurious.
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd: from offices of state,
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, feares,
Retir'd, the churlish cynicke in his tub
Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods;
My necessary offices preserve
Each single man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I universall as the light,
Or common ayre we breath; and since I am
The generall desire of all mankind,
Civill felicity must reside iñ me.
Tell me what rate my choycest pleasures beare,
When, for the short delight of a poore draught
Of cheape cold water, great Lysimachus
Rendred himselfe slave to the Scythians?
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The art and beauty of my severall objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
For every sense a proper constellation;
But I present their persons to your eyes.
Come forth, my subtle organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charme the eare with moving harmony.

They dance the seventh antimasque of the five senses.

Merc. Bewitching syren, guilded rottennesse,
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd outside, and the honied verge
Of the faire cup, where deadly poyson lurks.
Within, a thousand sorrowes dance the round;
And, like a shell, paine circles thee without;
Griefe is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joyes 'ginne tow'rds their west decline,
Doth to a gyant's spreading forme extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyselfe art paine;
Greedy, intense desire, and the keene edge
Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terrour
And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets;
Yet thy Cyrcæan charmes transforme the world.
Captaines that have resisted warre and death,
Nations that over fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy magicke made effeminate;
Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.
Thou wert the author of the first excesse
That drew this reformation on the gods.
Canst thou then dreame, those powers, that from heaven have
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone th' cause?
To thy voluptuous denne fly, witch, from hence,
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concurre, and am growne so weary of these tedious pleadings, as I'le packe up too and be gone. Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors pressing hither; I'le stop 'em, take their petitions, and preferre 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and nobody bid me welcome, so I'le depart as abruptly, without taking leave, and bid nobody farewell.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd arguments,
Urge vaine pretences, whilst your actions plead,
And with a silent importunity
Awake the drousie justice of the gods
To crowne your deeds with immortality.
The growing titles of your ancestors,
These nations' glorious acts, joyn'd to the stocke
Of your owne royall vertues, and the cleare
Reflexe they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd court, make honour's storie full,
And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through streames of blood, sweats to aspire.
Those ancient worthies of these famous isles,
That long have slept, in fresh and lively shapes
Shall strait appeare, where you shall see your selfe
Circled with moderne heroes, who shall be
In act, whatever elder times can boast,
Noble, or great; as they in prophesie
Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
The sacred hand of bright Eternity

Mould you to stars, and fix you in the spheare.
To you, your royall halfe, to them shee'll joyne
Such of this traine, as with industrious steps
In the faire prints your vertuous feet have made,
Though with unequall paces, follow you.
This is decreed by Jove, which my returne
Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude
And old abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew;
You naked, ancient, wild inhabitants,
That breath'd this ayre, and prest this flowery earth,
Come from those shades where dwels eternall night,
And see what wonders Time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the spheare vanisheth, and a new scæne appeares of mountaines, whose eminent height exceed the clouds, which past beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody. Out of this place comes forth a more grave antimasque of Picts, the naturall inhabitants of this isle, ancient Scots and Irish; these dance a Perica, or martiall dance.

When this antimasque was past, there began to arise out of the earth the top of a hill, which, by little and little, grew to bee a huge mountaine, that covered all the scæne. The under part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat more pleasant and flourishing. About the middle part of this mountaine were seated the three kingdomes of England, Scotland, and Ireland; all richly attired in regall habits, appropriated to the severall nations, with crownes on

their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient armes of the kingdomes they there represented. At a distance above these sate a young man in a white embroydered robe; upon his faire haire an olive garland, with wings at his shoulders; and holding in his hand a cornucopia fill'd with corne and fruits, representing the Genius of these kingdomes.

THE FIRST SONG.

GENIUS.

Raise from these rockie cliffs your heads,
Brave sonnes, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings; where Majesty,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusive joy; where Good and Faire,
United, sit in Honour's chayre.
Call forth your aged priests and chrystall streames,
To warme their hearts and waves, in these bright beames.

KINGDOMES.

1. From your consecrated woods,
Holy Druids; 2. Silver floods,
From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forsake your bowers
1. Strew'd with hallowed oaken leaves,
Deck'd with flags and siedgie sheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
What doe your duller eyes survay?

CHORUS OF DRUIDS AND RIVERS.

We see at once, in dead of night,
A sunne appeare, and yet a bright
Noone-day springing from starre-light.

GENIUS.

Looke up, and see the darkened spheare
Depriv'd of light; her eyes shine there.

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMES.

1. These shed a nobler influence,
2. These by a pure intelligence
Of more transcendent vertue move;
3. These first feele, then kindle love;
1. 2. From the bosomes they inspire,
These receive a mutuall fire;
1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure returne,
These can quench as well as burne.

GENIUS.

Here the fare victorious eyes
Make worth only beautie's prize;
Here the hand of Vertue tyes
'Bout the heart lov's amorous chayne;
Captives tryumph, vassals reigne,
And none live here but the slaine.

CHORUS.

These are th' Hisperian bowers, whose faire trees beare
Rich golden fruit, and yet no dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then from your impris'ning wombe,
Which is the cradle and the tombe
Of Brittish worthies, (faire sonnes,) send
A troope of heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of love.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. Open thy stony entrailes wide,
And breake old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd kingdomes may be spy'd.

CHORUS.

Pace forth, thou mighty Brittish Hercules,
With thy choyce band, for only thou and those
May revell here in love's Hesperides.

At this, the under-part of the rocke opens, and out of a cave are seene to come the masquers, richly attyred like ancient heroes, the colours yellow, embroydered with silver, their antique helmes curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troope of young lords and noble-mens sonnes, bearing torches of virgin-wax. These were apparelled after the old Brittish fashion in white coats, embroy-

dered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square coller'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. First these dance, with their lights in their hands; after which, the masquers descend into the roome, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appeares in the further part of the heaven comming downe a pleasant cloud, bright and transparent, which, comming softly downewards before the upper part of the mountaine, embraceth the Genius, but so as through it all his body is seene; and then rising againe with a gentle motion, beares up the Genius of the three kingdomes, and being past the airy region, pierceth the heavens, and is no more seene; at that instant, the rocke with the three kingdomes on it sinkes, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration, but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the stage, which was but six foot high.

THE SECOND SONG.

KINGDOMES.

1. Here are shapes form'd fit for heaven;
2. Those move gracefully and even.
3. Here the ayre and paces meet
   So just, as if the skilfull feet
   Had struck the vials.—1. 2. 3. So the eare
   Might the tunefull footing heare.

CHORUS.

And had the musicke silent beene,
The eye a moving tune had seene.

GENIUS.

These must in the unpeopled skie
Succeed, and governe Destinie:
Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend
And helpe the worke.

KINGDOMES.

1. We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
But rendring what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternall posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?

GENIUS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the skie,
Beggar the earth: their fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the spheare
Kindle new starres, whilst they rest here.

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the marke?

GENIUS.

Did not the river
Eridanus the grace acquire
In heaven and earth to flow;
Above in streames of golden fire,
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMES.

1. 2. 3. But shall not we, now thou art gone
Who wert our nature, wither,
Or breake that triple union
Which thy soule held together?

GENIUS.

In concord's pure immortall spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active vertue bring
At my return. Adieu.

KINGDOMES. Adieu.—CHORUS. Adieu.

The masquers dance their maine dance; which done, the scæne againe is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, cleane differing from all the other; the nearest part shewing a delicious garden, with severall walkes and parterra's set round with low trees, and

on the sides, against these walkes, were fountaines and grots, and in the furthest part a palace, from whence went high walkes upon arches, and above them open terraces planted with cypresse trees; and all this together was composed of such ornaments as might expresse a princely villa.

From hence the Chorus descending into the roome, goes up to the state.

THE THIRD SONG.

BY THE CHORUS GOING UP TO THE QUEENE.

Whilst thus the darlings of the gods
From honour's temple to the shrine
Of beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of love, we guide, let thy divine
Aspects (bright deity) with faire
And halcyon beames becalme the ayre.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
St George himselfe (great Queene) to you:
You'll soone discerne him; and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-Table Knight, as ever fought
For lady, to each beauty brought.

Plant in their martiall hands, war's seat,
  Your peacefull pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat,
  In love's knowne language, tales of woe:
Say, in soft whispers of the palme,
As eyes shoot darts, so lips shed balme.

For though you seeme, like captives, led
  In triumph by the foe away,
Yet on the conqu'rers necke you tread,
  And the fierce victor proves your prey;
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

The song done, they retire, and the masquers dance the revels with the ladies, which continued a great part of the night.

The revels being past, and the King's Majestie seated under the state by the Queene, for conclusion to this Masque, there appeares coming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great cloud, which arriving at the middle of the heaven, stayeth; this was of severall colours, and so great, that it covered the whole scæne. Out of the further part of the heaven begins to breake forth two other clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared sitting in one of them Religion, Truth, and Wisdome. Religion was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light vaile, in one hand a booke, and in the other a flame

of fire; Truth in a watchet robe, a sunne upon her fore-head, and bearing in her hand a palme; Wisedome in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rayes about her head, and Apollo's cithera in her hand. In the other cloud sate Concord, Government, and Reputation. The habit of Concord was carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corne on her head; Government was figured in a coat of armour, bearing a shield, and on it a Medusa's head, upon her head a plumed helme, and in her right hand a lance; Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurell wreath on his head. These being come downe in an equall distance to the middle part of the ayre, the great cloud began to breake open, out of which stroke beames of light; in the midst, suspended in the ayre, sate Eternity on a globe; his garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a serpent bent into a circle, with his tayle in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troope of fifteene starres, expressing the stellifying of our Brittish heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his Majestie: and in the lower part was seen, a farre off, the prospect of Windsor Castle, the famous seat of the most honourable Order of the Garter.

THE FOURTH SONG.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMONOIA, DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

ETERNITIE.

Be fix'd, you rapid orbes, that beare
The changing seasons of the yeare
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepit spheares growne darke and cold;
Nor did Jove quench her fires: these bright
Flames have ecclips'd her sullen light:
This royall payre, for whom fate will
Make motion cease, and time stand still;
Since good is here so perfect, as no worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeale the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My truths, from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor doe their actions from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their owne pure soules entwin'd,
So are their subjects hearts combin'd.

DICÆARCHE.

So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seemes empire to obey.

EUPHEMIA.

And their fair fame, like incense hurl'd
On altars, hath perfum'd the world.

So. Wisedome.—Al. Truth.—Eus. Pure adoration.
Ho. Concord.—Di. Rule.—Eup. Cleare reputation.

CHORUS.

Crowne this King, this Queene, this nation.

CHORUS.

Wisedome, truth, &c.

ETERNITIE.

Brave spirits, whose adventrous feet
Have to the mountaines top aspir'd,
Where faire desert, and honour meet,
Here, from the toyling presse retyr'd,
Secure from all disturbing evill,
For ever in my temple revell.

With wreathes of starres circled about,
Guild all the spacious firmament,

And, smiling on the panting routs
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistlesse influence guide,
Of humane change th' uncertaine tide.

EUS. ALE. SOP.

But Oh, you royall turtles, shed,
When you from earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed
Those sacred seeds of love;

CHORUS.

Which no power can but yours dispence,
Since you the patterne beare from hence.

HOM. DIC. EUP.

Then from your fruitfull race shall flow
Endlesse succession;
Scepters shall bud, and lawrels blow
'Bout their immortall throne.

CHORUS.

Propitious stars shall crowne each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the earth.

The song ended, the two clouds, with the person sitting on them, ascend; the great cloud closeth againe, and so passeth away overthwart the scæne, leaving nothing behind it but a serene sky; after which, the masquers dance their last dance, and the curtaine was let fall.

The Names of the Masquers.

The KINGS MAJESTY.

Duke of LENOX,	Lord FEILDING,
Earle of DEVONSHIRE,	Lord DIGBY,
Earle of HOLLAND,	Lord DUNGARVIN,
Earle of NEWPORT,	Lord DUNLUCE,
Earle of ELGIN,	Lord WHARTON,
Viscount GRANDESON,	Lord PAGET,
Lord RICH,	Lord SALTINE.

The Names of the young Lords and Noble-mens Sonnes.

Lord WALDEN,	Mr THOMAS HOWARD,
Lord CRANBORNE,	Mr THOMAS EGERTON,
Lord BRACKLEY,	Mr CHARLES CAVENDISH,
Lord SHANDOS,	Mr ROBERT HOWARD,
Mr WILLIAM HERBERT,	Mr HENRY SPENCER.

FINIS.

The Songs and Dialogues of this Booke were set with apt Tunes to them, by Mr. Henry Lawes, one of His Majesties Musitians.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING POEMS

PUBLISHED IN THE LATER COLLECTIONS

OF

CAREW'S WORKS.

APPENDIX.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL, ON HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

With joy like ours, the Thraelan youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elysian shade,
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore,
Make it their public suit he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake.
The ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Which shall the fair Eurydice succeed;
Eurydice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes list'ning trees and savage mountains groan
Through all the air: his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late;
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting, and the main.

When the glad news, that you were Admiral
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,
Should be perplexed how to chuse a new:
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That, at the worst, it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature, her fairest light eclipsed, seems
Herself to suffer in these sad extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threat'ned, and the sap, in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree;
Their beauties they, and we our love suspend,
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend:
As lilies overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry,
He is too faultless, and too young to die:
So, like immortals, round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.
Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented, and restor'd again?
Or thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? O'er young Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.
And now relentless Fate, about to end
The line, which backward doth so far extend
That antique stock, which still the world supplies
With bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,
Kind Phœbus interposing, bade me say,
Such storms no more shall shake that house; but they,
Like Neptune and his sea-born niece, shall be
The shining glories of the land and sea,
With courage guard, and beauty warm our age,
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

ON MISTRESS N.

TO THE GREEN SICKNESS.

Stay, coward blood, and do not yield
To thy pale sister beauty's field,
Who, there displaying round her white
Ensigns, hath usurp'd thy right;
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou should'st rule alone;
And on the cheek, where nature's care
Allotted each an equal share,
Her spreading lily only grows,
Whose milky deluge drowns thy rose.

Quit not the field, faint blood, nor rush
In the short sally of a blush
Upon thy sister foe, but strive
To keep an endless war alive;
Though peace do petty states maintain,
Here war alone makes beauty reign.

UPON A MOLE IN CELIA'S BOSOM.

THAT lovely spot which thou dost see
In Celia's bosom was a bee,
Who built her amorous spicy nest
I' th' hyblas of her either breast;
But, from close ivory hives, she flew
To suck the aromatic dew
Which from the neighbour vale distils,
Which parts those two twin-sister hills;
There feasting on ambrosial meat,
A rowling file of balmy sweet
(As in soft murmurs, before death,
Swan-like she sung,) chok'd up her breath:
So she in water did expire,
More precious than the Phœnix fire;
Yet still her shadow there remains
Confin'd to those Elysian plains,
With this strict law, that who shall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,
The sweet and smart from thence shall bring
Of the bee's honey and her sting.

AN HYMENEAL SONG
ON THE NUPTIALS OF THE LADY ANN WENTWORTH, AND THE LORD LOVELACE.

Break not the slumbers of the bride,
But let the sun in triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light;
When she awakes, he shall resign
His rays, and she alone shall shine
In glory all the night.

For she, till day return, must keep
An amorous vigil, and not steep
Her fair eyes in the dew of sleep.

Yet gently whisper as she lies,
And say her lord waits her uprise,
The priests at th' altar stay;
With flow'ry wreaths the virgin crew
Attend, while some with roses strew,
And myrtles trim the way.

Now to the temple and the priest
See her convey'd, thence to the feast;
Then back to bed, though not to rest.

For now, to crown his faith and truth,
We must admit the noble youth
To revel in love's sphere;
To rule, as chief intelligence,
That orb, and happy time dispense
To wretched lovers here.

For there, exalted far above
All hope, fear, change, or they to move
The wheel that spins the fates of love;

They know no night, nor glaring noon,
Measure no hours of sun or moon,
Nor mark time's restless glass;
Their kisses measure as they flow,
Minutes, and there embraces shew
The hours as they do pass.

Their motions the year's circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make love an almanack.

A MARRIED WOMAN.

When I shall marry, if I do not find
A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind:
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty, or wit, shall she derive a power

To prejudice my right; but if she be
A subject born, she shall be so to me,
As to the soul the flesh, as appetite
To reason is; which shall our wills unite
In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
Shall once appear, if she but learn t' obey.
For, in habitual virtues, sense is wrought
To that calm temper, as the body's thought
To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
Passions of lust and anger are subdu'd;
When 'tis the fair obedience to the soul
Doth in the birth those swelling acts controul.
If I in murder steep my furious rage,
Or with adult'ry my hot lust assuage,
Will it suffice to say my sense, the beast,
Provok'd me to't? Could I my soul divest,
My plea were good. Lions and bulls commit
Both freely, but man must in judgment sit,
And tame this beast; for Adam was not free,
When in excuse he said, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, she perhaps had been
Unpunish'd; his consent made hers a sin.

A DIVINE LOVE.

1.

WHY should dull art, which is wise nature's ape,
If she produce a shape
So far beyond all patterns that of old
Fell from her mould,

As thine, admir'd Lucinda! not bring forth
An equal wonder to express that worth
In some new way, that hath,
Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

2.

Is it because the rapes of poetry,
Rifling the spacious sky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did those dispense
On airy creations that surpast
The real works of nature, she at last,
To prove their raptures vain,
Shew'd such a light as poets could not feign?

3.

Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie
With vain idolatry,
Whose goddess was supreme, and so had hurl'd
Schism through the world,
Whose priest sung sweetest lays, thou didst appear
A glorious mystery, so dark, so clear,
As nature did intend
All should confess, but none might comprehend?

4.

Perhaps all other beauties share a light
Proportion'd to the sight
Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires
As stir desires,

And from the brain distil salt, amorous rheums;
Whilst thy immortal flame such dross consumes,
And from the earthy mould
With purging fires severs the purer gold.

5.

If so, then why in Fame's immortal scrol
Do we their names inrol,
Whose easy hearts and wanton eyes did sweat
With sensual heat?
If Petrarch's unarm'd bosom catch a wound
From a light glance, must Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gain,
He from ill-govern'd love, she from disdain?

6.

Shall he more fam'd in his great art become
For wilful martyrdom?
Shall he more title gain to chaste and fair,
Through his despair?
Is Troy more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd,
Than virgin cities that yet never burn'd?
Is fire, when it consumes
Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

7.

'Cause Venus from the ocean took her form,
Must love needs be a storm?
'Cause she her wanton shrines in islands rears,
Through seas of tears,

O'er rocks and gulfs, with our own sighs for gales,
Must we to Cyprus or to Paphos sail?
Can there no way be given,
But a true hell, that leads to her false heaven?

LOVE'S FORCE.

In the first ruder age, when love was wil'd,
Not yet by laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by reason mann'd, but flew,
Full-illum'd by Nature, on the instant view,
Upon the wings of appetite, at all
The eye could fair or sense delightful call,
Election was not yet; but as their cheap
Food from the oak, or the next acorn heap,
As water from the nearest spring or brook,
So men their undistinguish'd females took
By chance, not choice. But soon the heavenly spark,
That in man's bosom lurk'd, broke through this dark
Confusion; then the noblest breast first felt
Itself for its own proper object melt.

A FANCY.

Mark how this polish'd eastern sheet
Doth with our northern tincture meet;
For though the paper seem to sink,
Yet it receives and bears the ink;

And on her smooth soft brow these spots
Seem rather ornaments than blots,
Like those you ladies use to place
Mysteriously about your face;
Not only to set off and break
Shadows and eye-beams, but to speak
To the skill'd lover, and relate,
Unheard, his sad or happy fate.
Nor do their characters delight,
As careless works of black and white:
But 'cause you underneath may find
A sense that can inform the mind;
Divine or moral rules impart,
Or raptures of poetic art:
So what at first was only fit
To fold up silks, may wrap up wit.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

1.

GRIEVE not, my Celia, but with haste
Obey the fury of thy fate,
'Tis some perfection to waste
Discreetly out our wretched state,
To be obedient in this sense
Will prove thy virtue, though offence.

2.

Who knows but destiny may relent,
For many miracles have been,
Thou proving thus obedient
To all the griefs she plung'd thee in;
And then the certainty she meant
Reverted is by accident.

3.

But yet I must confess 'tis much,
When we remember'd what hath been,
Thus parting never more to touch,
To let eternal absence in;
Though never was our pleasure yet
So pure, but chance distracted it.

4.

What, shall we then submit to Fate,
And die to one another's love?
No, Celia, no, my soul doth hate
Those lovers that inconstant prove.
Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
The crime is yours, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the planets sometimes bodies part,
But canker'd Nature only alters th' heart.

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

1.

You, that will a wonder know,
Go with me,
Two suns in a heaven of snow
Both burning be
All they fire, that do but eye them,
But the snow's unmelted by them.

2.

Leaves of crimson tulips met,
Guide the way
Where two pearly rows be set
As white as day.
When they part themselves asunder,
She breathes oracles of wonder.

3.

Hills of milk with azure mix'd
Swell beneath,
Waving sweetly, yet still fix'd,
While she doth breathe.
From those hills descends a valley
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

4.

As fair pillars understand
Statues two,
Whiter than the silver swan
That swims in Po;
If at any time they move her,
Every step begets a lover.

5.

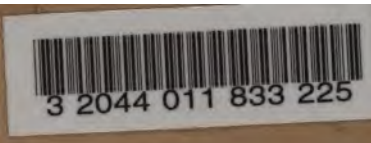
All this but the casket is
Which contains
Such a jewel, as the miss
Breeds endless pains;
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot shew it.

TO CELIA UPON LOVE'S UBIQUITY.

As one that strives, being sick, and sick to death,
By changing places, to preserve a breath,
A tedious restless breath, removes and tries
A thousand rooms, a thousand policies,
To cozen pain, when he thinks to find ease,
At last he finds all change, but in his disease;
So (like a ball with fire and powder fill'd)
I restless am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
And with that moving torture must retain,
With change of all things else, a constant pain.

Say I stay with you, presence is to me
Nought but a light to shew my misery,
And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
Go I to Holland, France, or furthest Ind,
I change but only countries, not my mind.
And though I pass through air and water free,
Despair and hopeless fate still follow me.
Whilst in the bosom of the waves I reel,
My heart I'll liken to the tottering keel,
The sea to my own troubled fate, the wind
To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind:
But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
Then shall I think I see my Celia's eyes;
And when a cloud or storm appears between,
I shall remember what her frowns have been.
Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
All things but make me mind my business, you.
The good things that I meet, I think streams be
From you the fountain; but when bad I see,
How vile and cursed is that thing, think I,
That to such goodness is so contrary!
My whole life is 'bout you, the centre star,
But a perpetual motion circular.
I am the dial's hand, still walking round;
You are the compass; and I never sound
Beyond your circle; neither can I shew
Aught but what first expressed is in you,
That wheresoe'er my tears do cause me move,
My fate still keeps me bounded with your love;

Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
Time shall stand still, and moist waves flaming be:
Yet being gone, think not on me; I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
But when I die, and wish all comforts given,
I'll think on you, and by you think on heaven.



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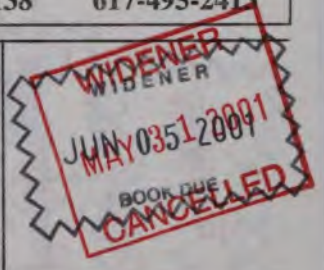

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